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VOX FLUMINIS
1947



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UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA

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THE UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA

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WINNIPEG - MANITOBA



VOX FLUMINIS

RIVERBEND SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
WINNIPEG, CANADA



MISS MAURINE STUART

To

MISS MAURINE STUART

*the 1947 Edition of the
Vox Fluminis
Is Gratefully Dedicated*

EDITORIAL STAFF

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EDITORIAL

THE Vox Fluminis has once more been edited, printed, and published. We, the editorial staff of the Vox Fluminis wish to thank the girls who have worked and contributed to the 1947 school year book. There was a great deal of fun in spite of the high prices and the difficulty of obtaining material.

We started the book with plenty of enthusiasm and a theory that nothing would be printed that the girls themselves wouldn't like to read. We thought a few notices on the class-room black boards would be a sufficient reminder and warning to start the literary contributions coming in. That was our first mistake. Oh, yes! There were may more mistakes. They were corrected. We decided that all the material would be in by the Easter holidays. Was it? No, it was not. So it was decided that the deadline would be stretched over the holidays to see if that wouldn't produce some efforts.

A bit discouraged we made the best of what we had. Hours were spent reading and re-reading the girls' poetry and stories. The pictures were taken, the cuts made, and the last minute rushes such as this editorial were sent to the printers. . . .

Possibly the book is not as you would have arranged it, but the book is yours and what you made it. The literary contributions are yours, the pictures are yours, and the books is yours and all that is in it.

Riverbend has lived eighteen years and with the school has grown the Vox Fluminis. But even if the Vox Fluminis isn't quite up to what we thought it would be we were right in saying that it would be fun editing it.



PRINCIPAL'S LETTER

Dear Girls,

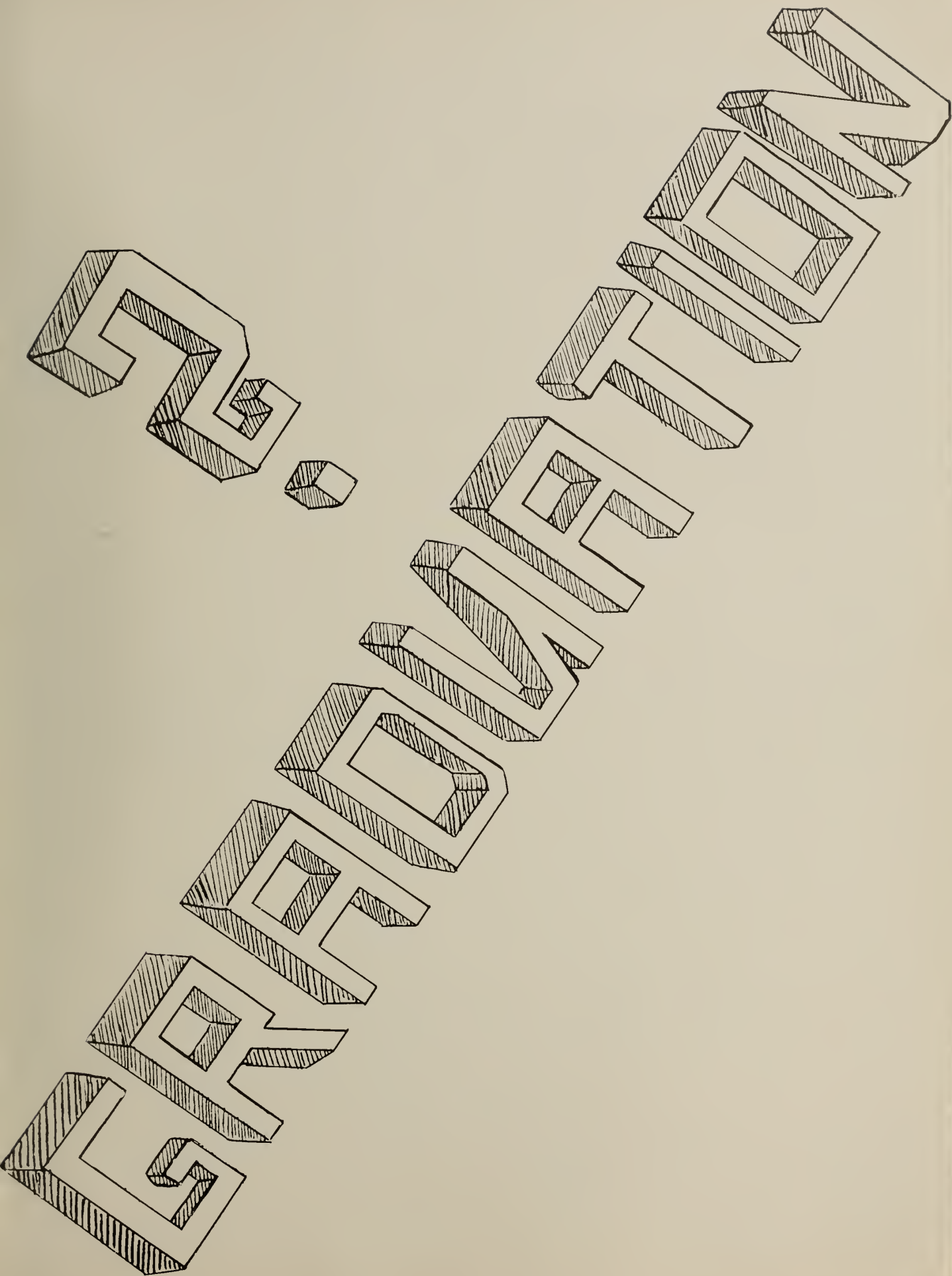
IT is astonishing how quickly spring follows spring, and Vox Fluminis follows Vox Fluminis. What confidence we have that spring really follows spring! It shows we really do believe "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world." We take so many things for granted, and forget to be thankful.

Spring will follow spring; where will you be, say, twenty springs from now? You will have changed a great deal, but at heart you will have the same characteristics which you are developing now. Some of you will perhaps be in positions of great responsibility; you may even (horror of horrors) be teachers! Some of you will be married and have homes of your own. You will be fussy about the very same things regarding which you think your mothers are so fussy to-day. What kind of wives and mothers will you be?

And what changes will there be at Riverbend? Larger buildings? a swimming pool? a garage for helicopters? These things may or may not be, but Riverbend's tradition and reputation in twenty years (as at the present time) depends on you—and you—and you. The future of a school depends on its students. You are giving your school its reputation by your courtesy, your consideration for others at all times, by your moral standards, your courage and your loyalty, much more than your academic success. Cultivate these qualities and your future and Riverbend's are secure.

Yours affectionately,

J May Carter





MARY MATHERS

OUR HEAD GIRL

Mary Mathers, our Head Girl for the year 1946-47, has secured her complete schooling at Riverbend. Mary was a capable secretary of Douglas Hall last year and gave us further proof of her efficiency in fulfilling her duties as Head Girl.

Mary plans to take an Arts course at the University of Manitoba next year. We are sure her marks will continue to be outstanding, just as they have always been at Riverbend.

We are grateful to her for working so loyally for our school, and wish her the very best of luck in the future.

OUR SPORTS CAPTAIN

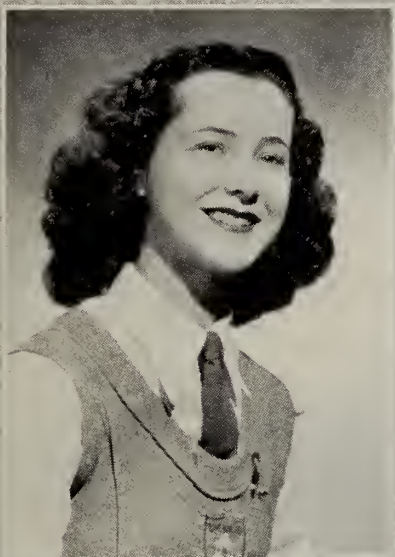
Patt McCarthy has been our sports captain for the year 1946-1947. She has attended Riverbend since 1944, and last year she proved to be an able secretary of Garry Hall. Patt is an all-round sport; she enjoys basketball, volleyball and bowling and is a member of those teams. The letter G on her blazer pocket shows that she is a gymnast. She has fulfilled her duties very well and we are proud of her.

Besides being a good sport, Patt is a good scholar; she is also a member of the Junior Fashion Council. She intends to go to University next year, perhaps to take Arts. Our best wishes go with you, Patt.



PATT MCCARTHY

THE PREFECTS



MARY McINTOSH
PHYLLIS HUSTON

RUTHE MYLES
PEGGY DOLMAGE



BEVERLEY ANN LAIDLAW:

Noted for: Her appendix.

Interest: Junior Fashion Council and St. Andrew's.

Ambition: To be a Fashion Co-ordinator.

Favorite saying: "You're not kidding."



GERTRUDE MORE:

Noted for: Sports.

Interest: "Georgia and May-Days."

Ambition: To be a private secretary.

Favorite saying: "Do you mind?"



BARBARA CHAMP, 42-47:

Noted for: Those piano lessons at opportune times.

Interest: Music.

Ambition: ??

Favorite saying: "Oh Phyllis."



MARGARETH NASSELQUIST:

Noted for: Those . . . terrific pictures!

Interest: "Milton."

Ambition: To be an actress.

Favorite saying: "I mean."

GLORIA ANDERSON, 46-47:

Noted for: Her navy blue bloomers.

Interest: Victoria Beach.

Ambition: To get to "U".

Favorite saying: "How many calories?"



GWENYTH ALSIP, 42-47:

Noted for: Long wavy hair.

Interest: "Al" things bright and beautiful.

Ambition: A car license.

Favorite saying: "Oh-h-h-h, he phoned."



NANCY MERRILL:

Noted for: Her height.

Interest: Clothes and more clothes.

Ambition: Specialize in merchandizing.

Favorite saying: "Well really."



BETH COULTER, 46-47:

Noted for: Complexion and grey eyes.

Interest: Batch's Chem. notes.

Ambition: To be a nurse.

Favorite saying: "I'm vexed."



THE STAFF 1946 - 1947



MISS M. MacKINNON



MISS E. BURNS



MRS. W. DOERKSON



MISS I. DICKSON



MRS. R. LOW



MISS G. MARTIN



MRS. H. LITTLE



MISS R. MacKAY



MRS. J. REID



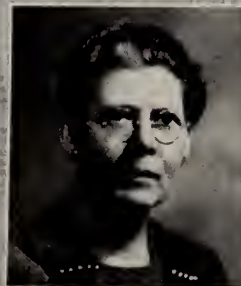
MISS M. ROACH



MRS. E. C. YOUNGSON



MISS M. SHEPLEY



MRS. D. SPARLING



MISS M. VOORHEIS

WE are now nearing the end of another school year. As we look back to the golden days of September, the advance of winter in October and November, the happiness of the Christmas season, and the promise of spring in March and April, we realize that a year has passed, almost too quickly, it seems. What has happened to us, who have been pupils at Riverbend during this time?

For one thing, most of us are a little wiser now than we were in September. Also, most of us have grown up a little more, and are now ready to face the work and fun of another year.

Riverbend is partly responsible for this mental and physical growth. It, as a school, has played its part in shaping our lives, to enable us to face whatever circumstances arise. By acting as a testing-ground, it has helped, and will help us to discover the talents which will finally lead us to a rightful place as citizens of tomorrow.

Therefore, school work should not be considered an unnecessary chore. Preparation today for what may come tomorrow is one of the wisest and most necessary things in life. We, who are at the doorway to life, and who are dependent upon parents and teachers now, will some day be the ones upon whom others depend. It is for this day that we must prepare, and with the help of the knowledge we gain in school, we will move on, and help make a world of better things. "Ad Meliora!"

MARY MATHERS

Dear Girls:

Another year has come to a close. For us it has been a memorable year never to be forgotten. For this, we have to thank you, the girls of Riverbend, for your co-operation. To be successful and happy a school needs the contributions of all the pupils, whether prefects, grade tens or grade ones. To those who take our places we pass on the duties which have been tradition through the years.

THE PREFECTS

MARY MACINTOSH:

Noted for: That United Pin!

Interest: "Young Peoples."

Ambition: To be an educated housewife at 22.

Favorite saying: "It's terrific."

RUTHE MYLES:

Noted for: Her Men-y troubles.

Interest: Flowers and jewellery.

Ambition: To be a dentist.

Favorite saying: "I'm cheesed off."

PEGGY DOLMAGE:

Noted for: Truthfulness.

Interest: Bing Crosby.

Ambition: To see the "SPHINX."

Favorite saying: "Yea Douglas."

PHYLISS HUSTON:

Noted for: Those phone calls!

Interest: A shining REA from Portage.

Ambition: To be a nurse.

Favorite saying: "I'm bored."

This space was originally for our annual column on staff weaknesses. This year, however, despite much research, no such weaknesses could be unearthed. So that the staff shall not feel neglected, we are dedicating their usual corner to them.

GRADE ELEVEN

GRADE Eleven. That's the year where the girls start receiving flowers and jewellery, driving around wrapped in fur coats, in 1947 cars, and graduate from "Blaire's" to "Moore's." That's the 10 months that makes or breaks a woman. That's the period where life goes on despite allowances being purged to the penny for some outlandish contrivance and last year's car licence is too, too prosaic!

Well, let's take a look into the fabulous everyday life of these fortune-smiled-upon-females behind the ivy-covered walls of Riverbend.

The day begins at two minutes to nine, when last night's make-up is removed with the left hand, and the right hand is busily engrossed in doing first period's homework (except for Mathers, who is completing next month's).

The bell rings and they crawl into position. Two young ladies have propped themselves against the doors leading into the gym. There's always such a scramble for this position that they have been forced to submit entries as early as five to nine. The lucky two stumble up the steps to grin smugly at those "children of sixteen and under."

The final entrance is of the half dozen dollies who dish up the doleful days dilemma by giving an elusive shrug to their reefers, as two go to the right, two go to the left and two decide to go home.

After prayers, the gracious grade elevens sweep back down to their humble abode of learning with Gloria and her bloomers taking a short-cut via the bannister.

Upon entering the room, Mrs. Doerksen carries on a mute battle of the ventilation problem with Patt, while Barbara hugs the radiator affectionately.

The roll is called when each demure damselle reports her presence or whispers her attendance as in the case of "Breathless" Beth, who sounds as if she is speaking from Russell. Mademoiselle McCarthy smashes the morning stillness with the much voiced plea of "Has anyone seen my ink?" Phyllis is immediately sympathetic and issues forth with one of her inimitable French retorts of "Vraiment"—she'd shed a few tears only got up at seven o'clock to put that mascara on. Ruthe would have found it for her in pound, but she was too busy telling McIntosh about last night's telephone calls and that she was just about "cheesed off with life!"

Gwen listened to the gory details of Ruthe's romances, and then very reverently reminded everyone that "he-d-d-phoned."

To be in love must be ghastly, but not to be in love is definitely worse!

By this time Miss Dickson has entered the room; sat down; read a selection from Leacock's "priceless little book;" doodled on her scratch-pad; said "uh-huh and precisely" a few hundred times, smiled amiably and left to conduct a class with her "darling little cherubs" in Grade Five. Bravo, Miss Dickson, they loved you for it!

The next period being Gym, each girl suddenly gets a stitch in the side, a broken leg, a funny feeling behind the ear or a definite headache. This is usually good for a laugh if not an argument and the class begins with one-half of the girls in the Gym and the other half in the library. From the latter, they view the rural scenes on Langside Street and show a charming disregard for the passage of time. As for their less fortunate sisters, they are upstairs braining themselves on those coconut mats. The rest of the morning goes quickly, and by eleven, everyone is sufficiently wide awake to absorb an abnormal half-hour of geometry, then curl up into a hexagon and die.

Food brings them back to earth, as some go home to their hamburgers, some stay for sausages, and Gloria gloats over her calories.

The afternoon jogs from French to Physics and finally collapse at Chemistry. Miss Shepley was defeated before she began, but remembering that "life can be beautiful," she doggedly carried on.

Finally four o'clock and freedom for those fourteen languid ladies who rush off to the solitude of telephones, make-up, men, cars, radios and the quiet more essential things of life.

Behind them the door closes on the past and opens into the present. It gave them all it could possibly offer, and they hand it on to the Grade Tens who already act too old, know too little and want too much.

They took care of it and they hope that those mentioned will follow suit. For that Grade Eleven room has an astringent effect on those who spend a year there. It symbolizes, that the first leg of the journey is over, and they slip into second for the coming Hill.

RUTHE MYLES, XI.

CLASS NOTES

GRADE SEVEN

Name	Nickname	Ultimate Fate	Song ..	Saying	Pastime
Janet Bleeks	Denny	Town Hall Singer	Vive L'Amour	Like I mean	Yelling to Richard Aldin.
Diane Calder	Di	Horse trainer	Sleepy Baby	Da! ra! ra!	Riding.
Helen Grant	Elen	Keith	I Love You Truly	Hey you	Reading.
Ann Fox	Foxy	Maths, Teacher	Stone Cold Dead in the Market	Huh, uh, uh	Skiing.
Patsy Sigurdson	Sige	Baby Sitter	Manuaga Nigaragua	Is that so?	Using green ink.
Valerie Head	Val	Roger	For Sentimental Reasons.	Thud	Eating.
Lois MacDonald	Mac	Gym Teacher	Forgotten	Oh! Darn!	Dancing.
Annie Lou Ormiston	Ann Lou	A Mink Coat	The Anniversary Song	That's beside the point	Dreaming.
Mary Hope McInnes	Hopeless	Minister	Be Kind to Your Fine Feathered Friends	Good morning	Driving around Ravenscourt.
Monica Brown	Mony	Stenographer	Personality	Will you help me with this?	Sitting.
Miss Dickson	Dixie	A handsome husband	Frère Jacques	My little cherubs	Doodling.

GRADE EIGHT

The girls of Grade Eight belong to Miss McKay
With a pair of twins and Marilyn May,
A couple of Barbs make a hectic week.
By Friday the asprin bottle she'll seek.

DIANE JOHNSON

Diane Johnson is the brain of our class,
We know she'll be exempt; all we hope for is
to pass.

Aside from her studies she gives boys a thought;
But, then, who doesn't in this boy-crazy lot.

RUTH ANDERSON

Ruth is a member of Riverbend School
And with Miss Martin in maths we agree she's
no fool.

She tops the house point list every week
And in basketball she uses her technique.

BARBARA DRYBROUGH

Barbara Drybrough now has curls
And it looks nice to us girls,
Absent mindedly she sucks her pen,
Could be she's dreaming of a boy named Ken?

CLEM McNERN

Mac and McKinnon, along with gymnastics,
Make back-bends simple to her, but to us
simply drastic;

She's a marvel in French and counting by ten
But aside from it all a good sport is Clem.

JOYCE STOVEL

Joyce raves about the Teen Canteen
To which all the day girls have certainly been;
It's either Pete or Dave or John
Of whom she's dreaming all day long.

BARBARA LENNOX

Barb Lennox comes from Saint Vital
And she's really one terrific gal,
When she gets off the street car with such poise,
Oh, gosh, those lucky Saint Vital boys!

PAT CHISHOLM

The quiet girl in our room is Pat,
Her seat is always near the back;
Every once in awhile she heaves a sigh,
Could she be dreaming of that GUY?

MARILYN MAY

Marilyn is Miss MacKay's little Louella
And she thinks Rose is a pretty nice fella;
Memorizing poems is her pet grudge,
Her favorite pastime is munching Nutty Club
fudge.

CLAIRE ANDERSON

Claire Anderson from Melville, Sask.,
Has beautiful hair and is really fast.
To wink her eyelashes is her delight
Is it any wonder she has so many letters to
write?

DOROTHY JACKSON

Dorothy Jackson from Regina, Sask., joins in the
fun,
Miss Shepley wonders if her science will ever
be done;
She sleeps in the Bubble Room on the top floor,
After lights out they have fun galore.

CECILY ANN GUNN

Our clever blond is Cecily Ann Gunn,
She's a Guide with her second class done;
Her best subjects are English and history,
But the boy she likes is still a mystery.

GRADE NINE

LIZ ABBOTT

1. Pastime: "Imparting a decided scent of Wrigley's to the classroom."
2. Ambition: "To become an isolationist (hermit that is! ! !)"
3. Legs: "Well, two are missing from our billiard table."

DIANE ARMSTRONG

1. The attraction at Blair's: "The waitress?"
2. Expression: "Too embarrassing to say."
3. Pastime: Skip much?

LIZ ANN BEATON

1. Man of the hour: Alex!
2. Clothing she likes to wear: Tunic (joke!)
3. Occupation: Won't say.

HELEN BOONE

1. Latest interest: How to become a second Macaulay.
2. Pet peeve: "The teacher's insistent curiosity."
3. Pastime: Playing the piano.

JUNE DRENNAN

1. Desire: To get 20 in French verbs.
2. Nickname: "Puddin'."
3. Peeve (teachers): Having to get up at six every morning.

CARA JOY HUGHES

1. Eyes: "Got them from Lassie."
2. Ambition: To graduate before getting grey.
3. Pastime: Reading in bed.

JOAN LIDSTER

1. Occupation: Keeping up with her male.
2. Theme songs: "Do you love me?"
3. Nickname: Einstein.

MARJ LUSH

1. Legs: "Well, you see my Grandfather was a stork."
2. Latest interest: "My family" (she's kidding, we hope).
3. Ambition: "Marry a man."

DONNA PLANT

1. Latest interest: Billy Boy (peanut butter).
2. What she likes about Ravenscourt bus: The color!
3. What she likes about Riverbend: The uniform.

JOSS ROBB

1. Initiation Day: Lena the Hyena—what a fool!
2. Pastime: Catch up on her sleep.
3. Ring: Well, it's a large one!

B. A. RUNNER

1. Saying: "I want to go home."
2. Desire: To own a Parker (pen, that is).
3. Ambition: To be a missionary!

NANCE SMITH

1. Latest interest: Himself.
2. Expression: Fadunk!
3. Travel: To Timbuctoo.

CLAIRE TRIBBLE

1. Pastime: Eating.
2. Ambition: To get through school.
3. Nickname: Esky (Eskimo).

DAF WHITE

1. Latest interest: Tuxiteen.
2. Favorite animal: Her father.
3. Pet allergy: Work.

LINDA WRIGHT

1. Latest interest: Blond and four legged.
2. On the weekend: Have fun!
3. Pastime: Sleep (in school).

DONNA YOUNG

1. Latest interest: Mark!
2. Ambition: To get her M.R.S.
3. Pastime: Talking on the phone to . . .?

CAROLE WALLICK

1. Favorite star: Polaris.
2. Desire: To become a cowboy.
3. Peeve (teacher): Home-work and gossip.

MISS MARTIN

1. Man of the hour: Johnny (at the Bowling Alley).
2. Pastime: Coming at 8.30 to see Grade IX and X's suffer.
3. Occupation: Being form mistress of Grade IX.

GRADE TEN

A MORNING IN GRADE X

History
Scripture
Latin
Gym

- 8:15—Helen smiles her way in to the classroom.
- 8:30—June and Norma set clocks by Miss Shepley.
- 8:31—Six people arrive for Algebra class.
- 8:40—Ingredients of Porridge Pot arrive; Pat, Joan, Carol and Cathy.
- 8:41—Eleanor actually arrives to begin the school week (Wed.-Fri.).
- 8:45—Prefect asks Grade X to put up benches.
- 8:46—Lorna slides in, no shoes, to gab with Shelagh and Shirley.
- 8:47—Prefect tells Grade X to put up the benches.
- 8:50—Majority of the class arrives.
- 8:55—Prefect pleads with Grade X's to put up the benches.
- 8:56—Carol arrives panting; she made it, slept last night.
- 8:57—Empty classroom, benches being put up.
- 8:58—Frances glides in, drops skates, tights, scarf, shorts. "I'm here, Miss Shepley."
- 9:00—Bell goes. Class slowly lines up.
- 9:01—Miss Shepley rearranges lines. Separates Marg, Lois, June.
- 9:02—Empty classroom. Gone to prayers.
- 9:10—Mrs. Doerksen awaits at door for History class.
- 9:15—Class ambles in from doing benches.
- 9:20—Miss Shepley leaves.
- 9:29—Daily observation between Arma and Mrs. Doerksen.
- 9:30—Elaine takes usual nap while Mrs. Doerksen and Julie discuss History.
- 9:45—Change of period; windows fly up, radiator turned off.
- 9:46—Mrs. Sparling bustles in. "Take out your Bibles, girls."
- 9:47—Lois begins Latin Homework.
- 9:50—Class removes Algebra, Latin, History books.
- 10:00—From opposite end of the room Barret and Moffat carry on hilarious conversation.
- 10:15—Norma commences housecleaning. Visibility becomes poor in classroom.

- 10:16—Rumble at back of the room. The Porridge Pot is boiling.
- 10:28—Famished class makes mad dash for milk and biscuits.
- 10:30—Recess bell goes.
- 10:38—June airs stockings out the window.
- 10:45—Recess ends. Class starts changing for Gym.
- 10:50—Miss Carter runs in with her bottle. No donations.
- 11:15—Camera clicks from back of the room. Smale has taken a picture.
- 11:30—A quarter of the class struggles half-dressed to Gym.
- 11:39—Bette Ann screams "My pin broke."
- 11:40—Joan does acrobatics.
- 11:41—Peggy excuses herself from Gym to fix Elaine's homework.
- 11:43—Shelagh and Marge discuss the Gym class.
- 11:45—Class "flies" party at Shirley's Hospital room.
- 12:05—Miss Shepley enters room, sighs, "Peace at last."

JUNE 1946 EXAM RESULTS

PERCENTAGES OF PASSES

Grade XI Riverbend	85.3%
Province of Manitoba.....	65.3%
Grade XII Riverbend	97.8%
Province of Manitoba	65.5%

RIVERBEND FESTIVAL RESULTS

Janet Bleeks

1. Girls' Solo for High Voice 80%
2. Folk Song Solo (Girls or Boys) 75%

Helen Boone

1. Junior Sonata Piano Solo.....(First) 87%
2. Junior Piano Solo 80%
3. Junior Piano Sight Reading (Second) 73%

Monica Brown

1. Primary Sonatina Piano Solo(Fourth) 85%
2. Lower Primary Piano Solo 79%

Arleigh Hutchinson and Anne Jenkins

- Primary Piano Duet(Second) 87%

Mary Hope McInnes

1. Higher Primary Piano Solo 81%
2. Primary Bach Piano Solo 78%
3. Primary Sonatina Piano Solo(Second) 87%

Jocelyn Robb

- Junior Piano Solo 80%

WHITE HOUSE BOARDER'S NOTES

The White House has a number of rooms,
Some are noisy and some are toms.
In the Yellow Room there are several young
girls,

One of whom has pretty red curls,
Happy and carefree as any a lark,
Of course you know this is Jane Park.
Gay Youngson, her friend, has pretty grey eyes,
And a smile that will soon send all the guys.
Judy Denny, the smallest of the three,
Is quiet as a mouse but busy as a bee.
In the room that is known as the Red and Grey
Here Helen Grant alone does stay.
But for some company this year
Part-time boarders often appear.
Now in the Bubble Room we find
Joyce Stovel, who over boys does pine.
Next, Ruth Anderson, in Garry Hall,
Is a whiz at maths and basketball.
Dorothy Jackson from Regina, Sask.,
Finds homework a wearisome task (who
doesn't).

Now to the Jungle Room on the first floor,
We rap gently "Richard open the door!"
As we peer in we see Joan Lidster
Ducking fast—that mattress just missed her!
Betty Ann Runner, known as "Mort,"
Is always ready for any sport.
Claire Tribble, the girl with the curliest hair
Is generous at heart, with never a care.
They provided a ladder for the top bunk,
But June Drennan ignored it and landed ker-
plunk!

Up she struggled and with heroic words
Staggered out to study—French verbs!
Claire Anderson, who is Ruth's twin,
Likes the boys but that's no sin.
With the two Claires, Betty, Joan and June,
Thank goodness that's all in the Jungle Room.
The trio in the Porridge Pot
Are sometimes an ambitious lot.
Joan Roberts now comes from away out West,
As a ballet dancer she is one of the best.
At bowling Catherine Anderson does excel,
And she thinks Guy Madison sure is swell.
Carolyn Elliot from Emo hails
And in grades she never fails.
Five other girls for part of the year
Have joined in the fun while boarding here.
Gwenyth Alsip is quiet but not so shy,
We know she likes a certain guy.
Joanne Meyer is full of fun,
And always seems to be on the run.
Valerie Head is a tiny lass,
And she is well liked by all the class.
In school Ann Fox outdoes us all,
And brings in house-points for Douglas Hall.
Arleigh Hutchinson, a cute little chick,
Can really make the worries click.
This is the end as you can see
That it's not a credit to poetry.

RED HOUSE BOARDER'S NOTES

Over in the Red House,
Up one flight of stairs
Are three bedrooms of girls,
Upon whom Mrs. Reid sometimes glares.

In the "Yellow Room" are Norma and June
(Winnipeggers both),
Norma is vivacious, tall and brown haired.
And June is well—just June—
Peppy with bushels of curly black hair;
It was really a riot to see them as they flew
When they sprang from their beds at a quarter
to . . .!

Across the hall in room pink of hue,
Are three more girls, all blondes, too!
Peggy is from Big River, Sask.,
And, Margie and Gert (you don't have to ask).
They're from Flin Flon, and do they let you
know it!
These Flin Floners, they sing and they dance,
And Peggy, she tries, but it's really a prance.

Next to this is the Blue Room; it has the bunks.
Beth, the short of it, from Russell, is quiet and
shy when first you meet.
Nancy, the long of it, from the Lakehead, and
for her sarcasm should be beat.
Regina Barbara and Miami Phyllis, again the
inseparable pair always getting into each
other's hair.
Phyl slides her eyes and flicks here hips. Barb
lets out a howl
Oh! Oh! it's Mrs. Reid's night to prowl—
We'd better scram while the scrammin's good.
And jump into bed as we know we should.

We've done our stunt, let no one fret,
Whose name has been left out,
That their fair fame is any less
Than those we wrote about.

* * *

Joyce Stovel: "Did you hear about the woman
who married four times? Her first husband
was a millionaire, her second was a famous
actor. Her third was a well known minister.
and her last was an undertaker."

Dorothy: "Oh I see. One for the money—
two for the show—three to get ready—and four
to go."

* * *

Lorna: Two months ago I was madly in love
with him and now I can't bear him any more.
It's incredible how quickly a man can change.

* * *

Hoping to get a rise out of a farmer walking
in a field by the road, a fellow called:

"Hey, did you see a wagon load of monkeys
go by here?"

"No," replied the farmer, "did you fall off?"



KINDERGARTEN MORNING SCHEDULE

- 9:15- 9:45—Self-directed help by removal of outdoor clothing.
- 9:20- 9:50—Self-occupational play with:
- (a) Educational Toys;
 - (b) Building Blocks;
 - (c) Puzzle Games (Pictures, Alphabet, Numbers);
 - (d) Dolls Centre;
 - (e) Library Books (Educational).
- 9:50-10:00—Replacement of toys and materials.
- 10:00-10:20—Gym, Rhythmics and Games (outdoors if possible).
- 10:20-10:30—Rest.
- 10:30-10:45—Toilet and Luncheon Routine.
- 10:45-11:15—Organized Large Group:
- (a) Assembly;
 - (b) Conversation—insist on one person speaking at a time by turns. News. Interests — hobbies or pets. French.
 - (c) Prayers, Hymns, Bible Verses.
 - (d) Songs, Gramophone (for listening music appreciation), Dramatic and Rhythmic Plays.
 - (e) Discussion:
 - a. Health, Safety, Cleanliness. etc.
 - b. Sensory Training Games.
- 11:15-11:40—Handwork, small directed groups:
- a. Painting.
 - b. Drawing.
 - c. Projects.
- 11:40-11:50—Organized Story:
- a. Picture Reading.
 - b. Selected Stories.
 - c. Factual Discussion.
 - d. Puzzle Books, etc.
- 11:50-12:00—Dismissal—Cloakroom Routine.
- 12:00-12:15—Outdoor Free Play.



YORK HALL 1946-1947

WITH this year drawing to a close, as Prefect of York Hall, I am able to look back upon a very eventful ten months.

"From the beginning, an exceptionally high degree of spirit has existed, and although we carried off comparatively few trophies, we were always on hand to do our best; and after all this factor in itself is the essence of true sportsmanship."

In the inter-house field day, our girls won the junior cup, and the seniors placed in various events.

In basketball we took second place, and I would like to thank the girls for turning out so faithfully for practices.

Our bowling team did very well, as did our volleyball team, which was nosed out of first place by Nelson Hall.

In regard to sports, may I take this opportunity to thank Beverly-Ann Laidlaw for carrying out her duties as sports captain so well, and also for giving me such support during the year.

Viewing the housepoint situation I again thank the girls for really trying, especially in the junior school where standouts such as Diane Johnson and Dulcie Ann Thomson raised our average considerably.

In each activity, our House was well represented. In selling tickets or in packing hampers, York girls did their share, always with a ready smile and helping hand.

This type of House spirit made me proud and honored to be Prefect for the year 1946-47, and to all the members of the House, I offer my sincerest thanks for their interest and whole-hearted co-operation.

RUTH MYLES.



DOUGLAS HALL 1946-1947

DOUGLAS Hall has been very fortunate this year in having Mary Mathers, Head Girl, among its members.

As a result of a little extra effort on the part of the girls, Douglas was able to win the housepoints for the fall to Christmas term. An activity enthusiastically undertaken and enjoyed by all the girls was the supplying of Christmas gifts to the Point Douglas Mission.

As the time for the Lilac Tea approaches, Douglas Hall hopes to be able to live up to the

fine record achieved by the girls of Douglas last fall.

Our sports captain, Lois Huggard, and secretary, Julie Harris, deserve special credit for their efficient handling of the sports schedules and housepoint lists.

The co-operative spirit of both the girls and the staff members, Mrs. Little and Miss McKay, of Douglas, have combined to make this a year which I will remember with pleasure.

PEGGY DOLMAGE.



GARRY HALL 1946-1947

GARRY Hall has experienced a very successful year. We had as staff of our house Miss Burns, Mrs. Doerksen and Miss Arnold.

We were very fortunate in having Patt McCarthy, the school sports captain, as a member of Garry. We heartily congratulate Donna Smale and Shelagh Lawson on their co-operation as house executives.

The field day proved a successful event for

Garry as we won the senior activity trophy.

A Christmas hamper was prepared and delivered by the members of the house. A letter of appreciation was received from the family to whom the hamper was sent. As the year comes to a close I wish to extend my appreciation to the staff and members of Garry Hall for their co-operation.

PHYLLIS HUSTON.



NELSON HALL 1946-1947

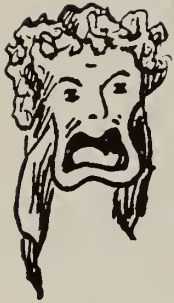
1946-1947 has proved to be a very successful year for Nelson Hall. We were certainly favored in having such a capable sports captain as Gwen Alsip, who with untiring effort coached us and got the teams out to practices. Our industrious secretary, June Baker, has shown us what an efficient person she is and she managed to put us in second place for housepoints at Christmas and first at Easter. We worked hard for these housepoints and we hope to receive the shield at Graduation. Our staff, Miss Martin and Mrs. Low, have been an asset in helping to put over our housepoint campaigns. Our treasurer, Barb Champ, managed the funds for our Christmas hamper very nicely. Our hamper, I feel, was a good example of the co-operation of Nelson. We delivered a large well equipped hamper, which included both food and clothing. Shortly after Christmas we

received a very nice letter from our family expressing their appreciation.

Our house was very fortunate in having a large number of girls who were interested in sports. Our basketball team was victorious and before Christmas we succeeded in winning the Inter-House Basketball cup. Bowling proved to be an interesting sport and we were lucky to win the Inter-House Bowling trophy also. The volleyball tournament was a long drawn out seige. Our team was really tops and our enthusiastic girls carried off the Volleyball cup before Easter. A great deal of credit goes to these teams who played so staunchly for Nelson.

I would like to thank the staff and girls of my house for their co-operation and loyalty, in helping to make my year as prefect of Nelson Hall a pleasure and a memorable experience.

MARY McINTOSH.



HUMOR



Miss Sheply was giving a lesson on the powers of different explosives. "This," she explained, "is one of the most dangerous explosives of them all. If I am in the slightest degree wrong in my experiment, we are liable to be blown through the roof. Kindly come a little closer, so that you can follow me."

* * *

They were dancing at the Co-Ed. He held her tight, his eyes were closed, and they danced as if floating on a cloud. He whispered in her shell-like ear, "Darling, I love you so. Say that you love me, too. I may not be rich like Hutchinson, I may not have a car, or spend money like he does, but I love you so much. I'd do anything in the world for you."

Two soft white arms reached around his neck, and two ruby lips whispered in his ear, "Darling, introduce me to Hutchinson."

* * *

Two Riverbend students were arguing over what they were going to do one Saturday evening, so they decided to flip a coin; heads they'd go to a show, tails they'd go to the canteen, and if it stood on end they'd study.

* * *

Mrs. Doerksen: "Why don't you answer me?"
Gwen: "I did, I shook my head."

Mrs. Doerksen: "Well, you don't expect me to hear it away up here, do you?"

* * *

Sign on door: If I'm studying when you enter, wake me up.

* * *

When I marry, it will be fifty million dollars, and I don't care what his other name is.

* * *

What's yours is mine and what's mine's my own.

* * *

I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way.

* * *

So many of us are satisfied that we could make a success out of life if we only had the time.

"Good-bye, Miss MacKay, I want to thank you for all that I learned from you."

"Don't mention it, it was nothing at all."

* * *

Shirley (arrested for speeding): "But, your honor, I'm a Riverbend schoolgirl."

Judge: "Ignorance doesn't excuse anybody."

* * *

Arma: I drink about 50 cups of coffee a day.

Marge: Doesn't that keep you awake?

Arma: It helps.

* * *

Nature is wonderful. A million years ago she didn't know that we were going to wear glasses, yet look where she placed our ears.

* * *

Our ambition: To live long enough to see what kind of world the meek are going to inherit.

* * *

Mavis (at the Lilac Tea): "Do have another of these little cakes."

Mother: "Thank you, but I've already had two."

Mavis: "You've had five, but who's counting?"

* * *

Miss Dickson: "What did Shakespeare write?"

Janet: "Tragedies, comedies and errors."

* * *

Father: "Here comes the parade; Michael, where is your mother?"

Michael: "She's upstairs, waving her hair."

Father: "Goodness! Can't we afford a flag?"

* * *

June: Is she a natural or a platinum blonde?

Donna: Neither, she a suicide blonde.

June: A suicide blonde? What's that?

Donna: Dyed by her own hand.

* * *

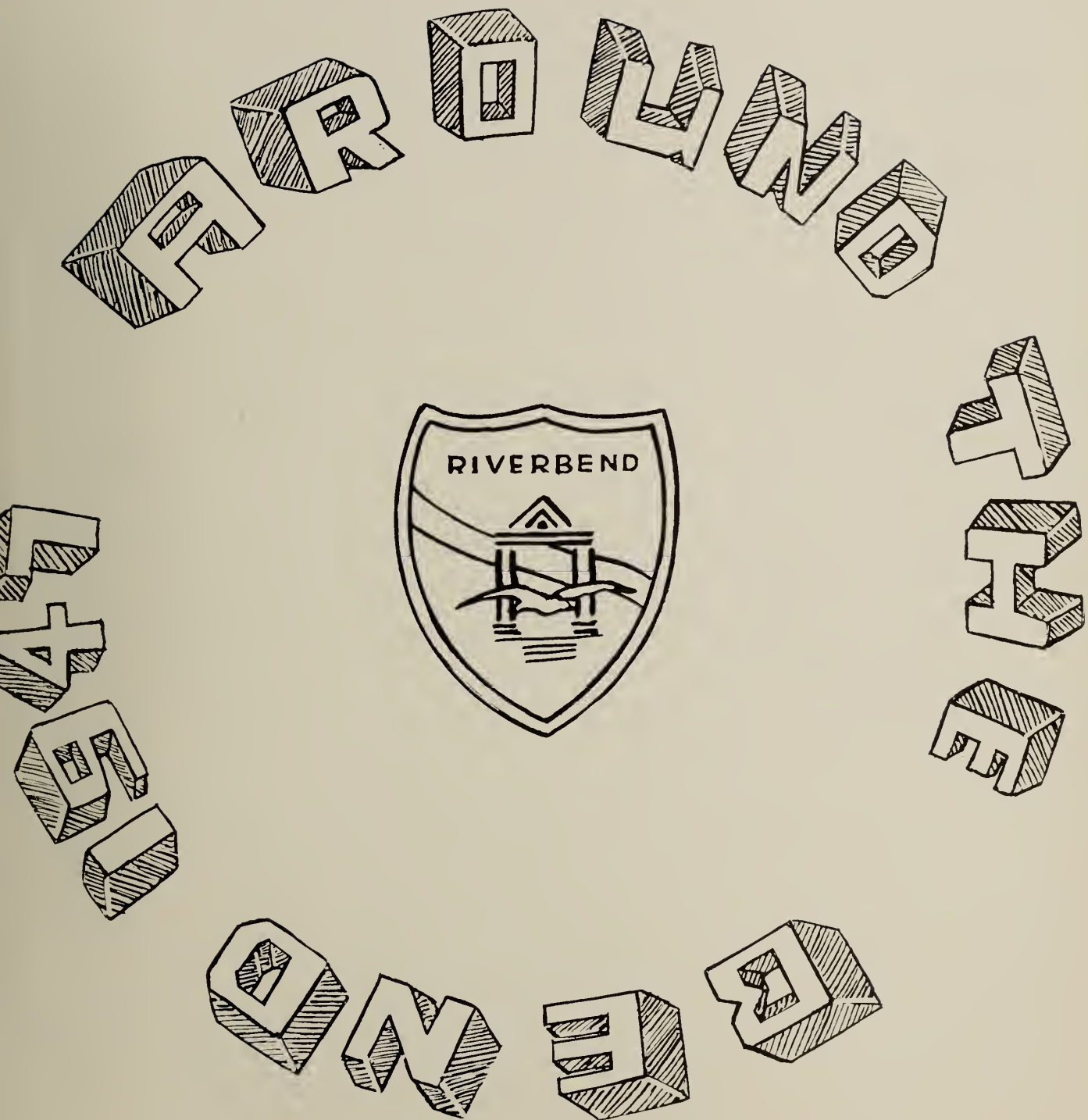
Teacher: Why were you late?

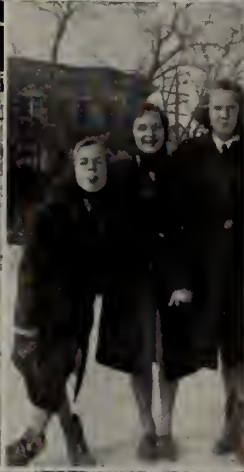
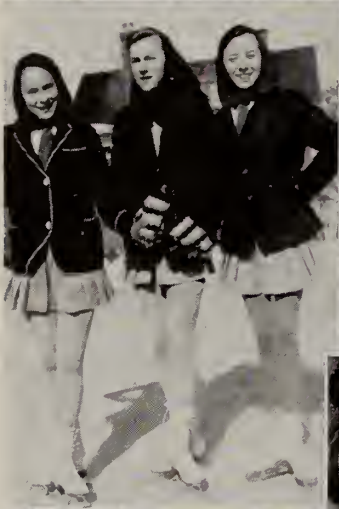
Ruthe: I squeezed out too much tooth paste and I had a hard time putting it back in the tube.

* * *

Mrs. Little: Which month has 28 days in it?

Nancy: They all have (after a slight pause).







SPORTS

RIVERBEND'S excellent gymnastic provision has always aided the girls in maintaining an active sports programme. Each girl receives individual attention to give her a chance to show her ability.

The school's gymnasium has a court of regulation size for basketball and volleyball, the two most emphasized sports. The girls also participate in bowling, badminton, baseball, tennis, and gymnastics; and display excellent sportsmanship at all times.

The First, Second, and Junior Basketball teams took part in the annual games with St. Mary's and Rupert's Land. In February the basketball teams had the privilege of going to Kenora for a day, where two close games were played, and the girls had a very pleasant day.

Nelson House was outstanding this year in winning the basketball, volleyball, and bowling, inter-house competitions. Garry won the field-day. Inter-house badminton and tennis results are still unknown.

The girls are grateful to Miss Martin for taking charge of the bowling league this year with her usual enthusiasm. We would also like to express our gratitude to Miss McKinnon, who in her first year as gym teacher at Riverbend, has entered into the games with keen interest, and shown us what an all-round good sport she is. As a result of the active participation of the girls and teachers in sports, this year has been a very successful one.

PATT MCCARTHY,
Sports' Captain.

THE FIELD DAY RESULTS

High Jump—Grade 1 and 2

Junior—1st, Anne Jenkins; 2nd, Arleigh Hutchinson; 3rd, Susanne Chester.

Intermediate—1st, Diane Johnson and Clem McNern; 2nd, Jocelyn Robb; 3rd, Nancy Smith.

Senior—1st, Gertrude More; 2nd, Lois Hugard and June Baker; 3rd, Ruth Myles.

Broad Jump

Intermediate—1st, Diane Armstrong; 2nd, Betty Ann Runner; 3rd, Linda Wright.

Senior—1st, Catherine Anderson; 2nd, Donna Smale; 3rd, Betty Moffat.

House Relays

Senior—1st, Garry; 2nd, Douglas; 3rd, York.

Intermediate—1st, Garry; 2nd, York; 3rd, Douglas and Nelson.

Obstacle Race

Senior—1st, Mary McIntosh; 2nd, Shirley Denison; 3rd, Margery Baker.

Intermediate—1st, Frances Abbot; 2nd, Claire Anderson and Carolyn Dowler.

Dash

Junior—1st, Arleigh Hutchinson; 2nd, Gail MacDonald; 3rd, Elizabeth Hamilton.

Intermediate—1st, Clem McNern; 2nd, Betty Ann Runner; 3rd, Ruth Anderson.

Senior—1st, Patt McCarthy; 2nd, Elaine McInnes; 3rd, Lorna McCarthy.

Basketball Throw

1st, Garry; 2nd, Nelson; 3rd, Douglas.

Three Legged Race

1st, Garry; 2nd, Douglas; 3rd, Nelson.

Balloon Race

1st, Franklin Hilliard; 2nd, Elizabeth Walton; 3rd, Michael Schoales and Nancy Bathgate.

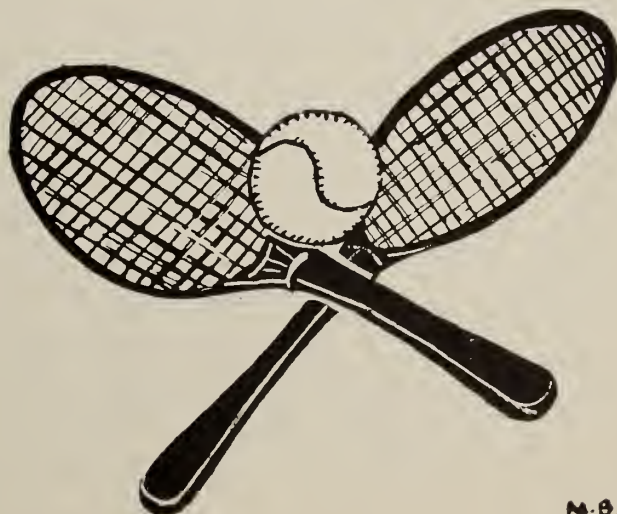
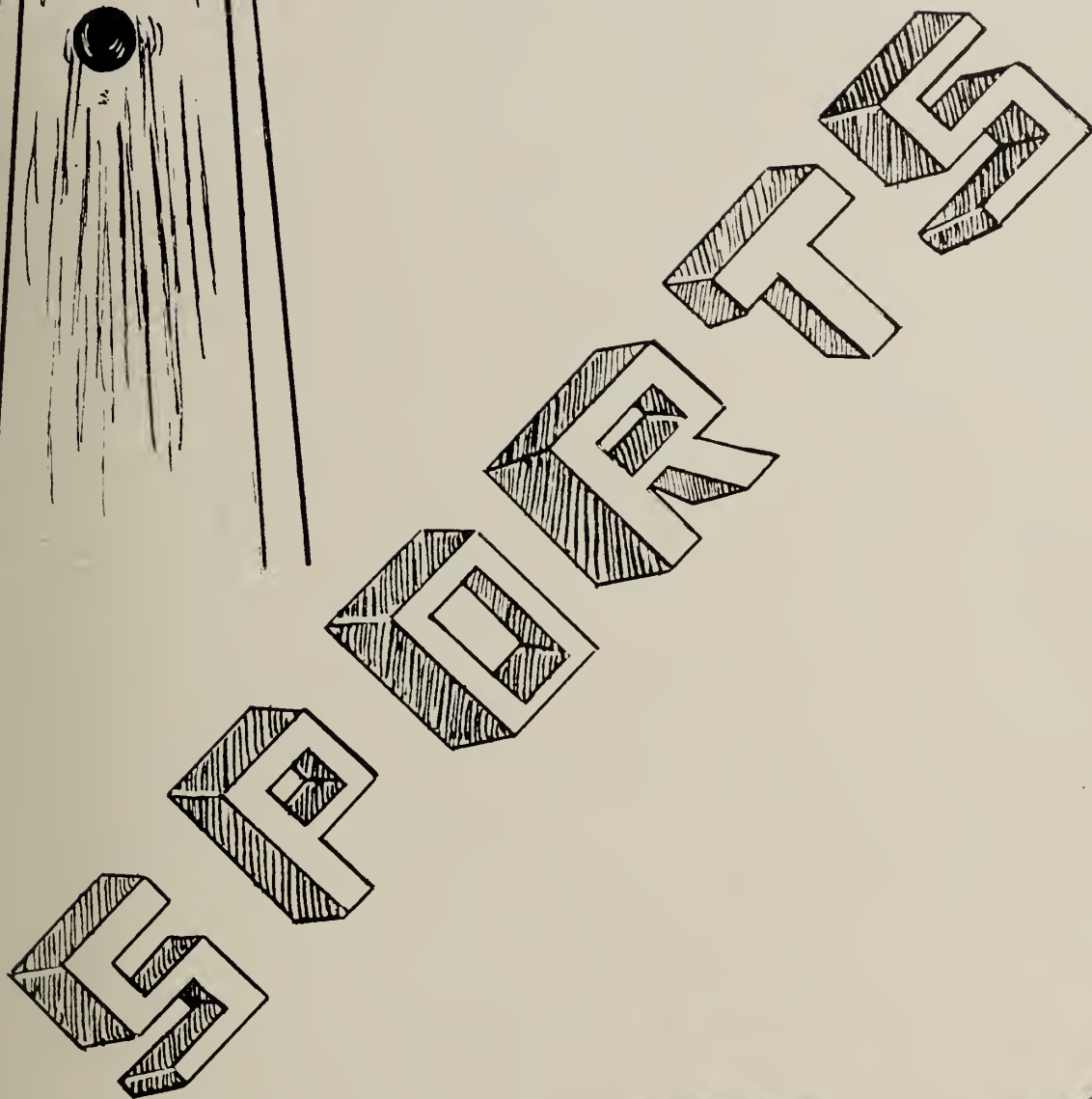
Bunny-hope Race

1st, Franklin Hilliard; 2nd, Gale McLean; 3rd, Rose Mary Kilgour.

Winner of the Senior Cup: Garry Hall.

Winner of the Junior Cup: York Hall.

PATT MCCARTHY





*Back Row: Lois Huggard, June Baker, Donna Barrett, Gertrude More, Miss Mackinnon.
 Middle Row: Betty Moffatt, Julia Harris, Donna Plant, Beverly-Ann Laidlaw.
 Front Row: Marge Baker, Gwen Alsip.*

1ST. BASKETBALL TEAM



Back Row: Nancy Smith, Lorna McCarthy, Donna Young, Miss Mackinnon, C. J. Hughes, Donna Smale, Shelagh Lawson.
Middle Row: Barbara Lennox, Carolyn Dowler, Gloria Anderson, Mary McIntosh, Patt McCarthy.
Front Row: Ruth Anderson, Elaine McInnis, Jocelyn Robb, Elizabeth-Ann Beaton.

2ND. & JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

BOWLING

Every Monday after school hours Miss Martin and many enthusiastic girls bowl at the Mall.

Before Christmas a keen competition was carried on between the houses. Nelson and York took part in the play-off games. Nelson came out on top, although the scores were very close. June Baker won the prize or the highest bowling average.

Since Christmas bowling has been continued as usual except that there is individual competition instead of house competition.

The girls enjoy bowling and appreciate Miss Martin's help and interest.

CATHERINE ANDERSON.

BASKETBALL

Basketball has always been the most popular sport at Riverbend. This year there were only two senior teams and one junior team, whereas in the previous years there were three senior.

A great deal can be said for the energy and enthusiasm with which the first team carried out the season's schedule. The second team displayed excellent teamwork. Interest and team spirit were maintained throughout the year by the juniors.

This year our basketball teams played the Kenora High School basketball teams both at Kenora and in our own gym. This was a new venture and the girls enjoyed it very much.

The girls are especially grateful to Miss McKinnon, who is responsible for the visible improvement in the teams this year, and for laying the groundwork for next year's teams.

C. DOWLER, M. MACINTOSH, L. HUGGARD.

VOLLEYBALL

The volleyball inter-house league was begun early this year. The games were very close and the teams had the enthusiastic support of their houses. Nelson House won the volleyball cup for this year.

At present we are attempting to arrange for competitions with volleyball teams from other schools, but these arrangements are not yet underway.

BADMINTON

Like all other sports this year practice time has been cut short and as a result there has not been a great deal of badminton played. The different houses held their practices on Satur-

day mornings and at noon hour. During April the annual tournament started and the houses were out in full force to support their players.

GWEN ALSIP.

THE BALLET

RIVERBEND School is indeed grateful to the Winnipeg Ballet for sending some of their leading dancers here to teach the girls. The classes, which are held on Mondays and Wednesdays, are under the supervision of Miss Joan Stirling and her assistant, Miss Joyce Clark. The accompaniment on the piano is played by Miss Ruth Gordon.

Each class is now busy learning a dance for the Lilac Tea, which will be held in May outside on the lawn. Much enjoyment is obtained from these classes besides the satisfaction of learning a distinguished art.

JOAN ROBERTS.

A girl who is be-spectacled
She may not get her necktacted,
But safety-pins and bassinets
Await the girl who fassinets.

* * *

Operator: "Is this number 1-1-1-1?"

Margaret: "No, this is eleven-eleven."

Operator: "Oh, I'm sorry to have bothered you."

Margaret: "That's alright, I had to get up and answer the telephone anyway."

(the phone rings again)

Gertrude: "What is it?"

Operator: "It's a long distance from Flin Flon."

Gertrude: "You're telling me it is."

* * *

Mother: "I sent my little girl for 2 pounds of plums and you only sent a pound and a half."

Grocer: "My scales are all right, madam. Have you weighed your little girl?"

* * *

"And what is a synonym, Patsy," asked Miss Dickson.

"A synonym," said Patsy, "is a word that you use when you can't spell the other one."

MUSIC SECTION



MISS EILEEN ARNOLD



MISS T. ASGEIRSSON



MISS E. DESBRISAY



MRS. F. CHRISTIE

THE VALUE OF GOOD LISTENERS

MANY music lovers do not realize that by being better listeners, they can do much to promote a wider appreciation of music. The majority of concerts and radio programs which are given for commercial purposes are arranged with a view to pleasing the popular demand. That popular demand can be intelligent and worthwhile only if the listener knows how to listen for the best in music.

To be a good listener, every music lover should study either the voice or an instrument for several years—at least until he can perform a representative list of the simpler classics. By doing this he will learn to recognize the style of the different periods in musical composition. He will also become more conscious of beauty of tone, dynamics and phrasing. In addition he should study the historical progress of the musical instruments and the lives and works of all musical composers. Music study of this kind will help the music lover to develop the necessary knowledge for comprehensive listening.

Then, of course, to become a well educated listener, one must constantly expose oneself to the finest music available. There are three familiar mediums through which music may be heard—the concert hall, the record player and the radio. The record player is the most useful to the students, since records may be repeated several times until all aspects of the performance are fully grasped and appreciated. Before hearing a radio or concert broadcast, the music enthusiast should read about the works to be performed and if possible listen to a recording of the works.

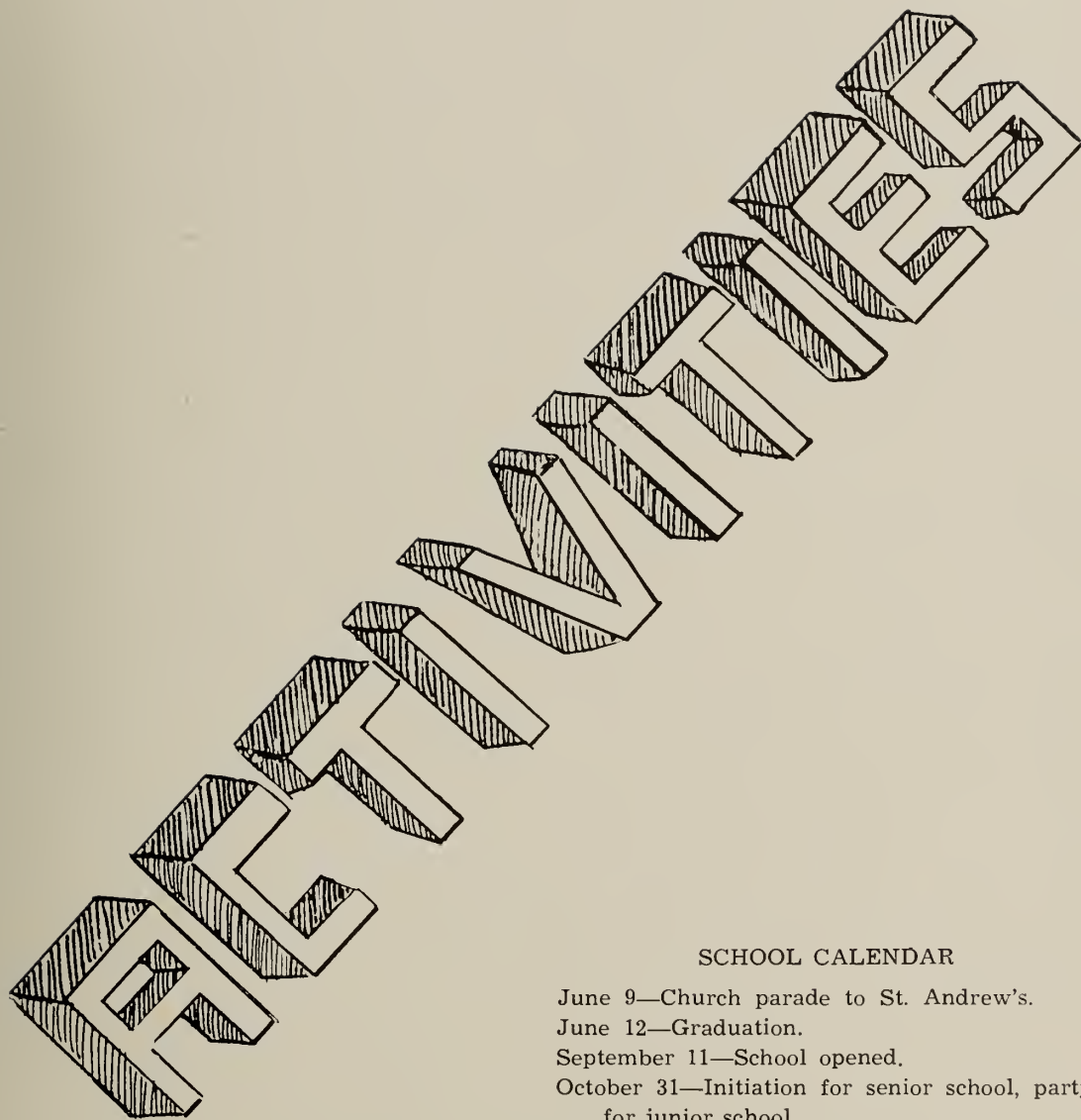
It is in the concert hall that the presence of intelligent listeners is especially desirable. Many famous performers state that they can feel the mood of their audience, whether hostile, friendly or disinterested, as soon as they reach the stage. If all concert-goers were to adopt an interested and appreciative attitude towards the performer they might invoke a much more inspired interpretation. At any rate, if they are too critical, and concentrate on picking out all the flaws they will miss much of the true worth and beauty of the music.

No matter how indifferent a member of the audience happens to be, he can at least show his co-operation with the artist in the practical way by refraining from making any disturbance which might detract from the performance. It is said that Dr. Pachmann once stopped during a piece, turned to a lady in the front row and said: "Madam, I am trying to play this Chopin Mazurka in three-four—you persist in fanning yourself in two-four—I cannot keep my balance."

Above all the members of the audience should avoid insincerity of opinion. They should not accept the judgment of others, but make their own criticism based on their own previous listening experience. Any other sort of criticism may be harmful both to the artist and to themselves.

Finally, all music lovers should give tangible proof of their appreciation of the best in music by supporting the best concerts in their locality, buying only the finest records and by letting their radio stations know when they have especially enjoyed a good program.

EILEEN ARNOLD.



SCHOOL CALENDAR

June 9—Church parade to St. Andrew's.
June 12—Graduation.
September 11—School opened.
October 31—Initiation for senior school, party
for junior school.
November 15—Sadie Hawkins Dance.
November 20—Theatre Night.
December 20—Christmas party.
December 19—Christmas holidays.
January 6—Easter term began.
February 14—Beau and Arrow Dance.
March 21—Junior Plays.
April 1—Easter Vacation.
April 15—School re-opened for last term.

THEATRE NIGHT

On November the 20th, Riverbend School went to the movies. It was, of course, at the proverbial "Uptown Theatre" and although the picture didn't exactly get the "Oscar" it did attract attention and net proceeds amounting to \$200.

Ticket sales were carried with keen competition in each House. An excellent system, undertaken by Miss Martin, enabled the sales to progress smoothly. Nelson sold the highest number of tickets with Douglas, Garry and York following in respective order.

When the big night came, ushers in red and grey intermingled with diamonds, furs and Chanel No. 5. It was indeed an unusually big evening considering that two out of the three door prizes were awarded to Gay Youngson and Miss McKay.

Insinuations of pull were hinted, but were dismissed when 'twas reminded that York's own Dulcie Ann Thomson did the drawing. This left no traces of doubt whatsoever as everybody realizes the high status of York Hall (plug).

Another joyous fact was attributed to the fact that the night was void of homework. Needless to say this met with highest approval and the order was carried out to the most minute detail.

So you can see that the evening was a great success to everyone concerned, and we all hope that our first "Theatre Night" shall not be our last.

R. MYLES.



On the morning of February 26th, Messrs. Bevin and Pratt very kindly showed the girls of this school several selected movie shorts. One, in technicolor, was on fire prevention. It was very interesting, and certainly showed us how little it takes to start a forest fire. Next there was a movie on the Indian writer, Grey Owl, and his animals. His pet beaver's antics were highly amusing. Then came a movie on the growth of our forests, trees and plants, showing the workings of the cells of a leaf. Each short was accompanied by comments from Mr. Bevin. Lastly there was a color cartoon about the trials and tribulations of a kangaroo. Our Head Girl, Mary Mathers, thanked the two men with a little impromptu speech.

NANCY MERRILL.



INITIATION

Thursday, October 31, dawned bright and cheerful for everyone but the newcomers to Riverbend, who were "shaking in their boots." This was *the* day—Initiation Day at Riverbend—a day in which all the old girls revel in their pranks which are all directed towards the new girls, who are completely at their mercy.

School proceeded as usual during the morning except for the odd look in the eyes of the new girls. The festivities began in the afternoon. The entire school assembled in the gym (not the new girls, of course). They remained behind the scenes and made themselves presentable in one way or another with the help of a few energetic Grade Elevens. When they finally succeeded in wrecking the girls by putting their tunics, ties and blouses on backwards, they tied their hair in rags, put various types of shoes and stockings on their feet, and made them model for the on-lookers, Jocelyn Robb succeeded in performing this very well and therefore won the honored title of "Miss Lena the Hyena" for the afternoon. A number of the new girls contributed to the entertainment by singing, dancing and reciting. The staff and the whole school took part in the games and the fun. The afternoon passed quickly even for the new girls, who were now a real part of the school.

CATHERINE ANDERSON.

Nelson Hall, Grade X.



OLD GIRLS' DAY

Last year, Old Girls' Day was held on a shining May day. On this occasion many of our new and not-so-new alumnae came to play games or just visit.

After four o'clock, baseball and volleyball teams of old girls and "new" girls were organized, and after these games were played an exciting basketball game took place in the gym. All participants enjoyed themselves. Probably some protesting muscles made themselves felt before long!

The alumnae specially invited the Grade Elevens to a box-supper after which an alumnae meeting took place. Events of the year were reviewed, and the prospective graduates were introduced to the rest of the alumnae. After the usual "gab" the meeting broke up and another Old Girls' Day was over.



SADIE HAWKINS' DANCE

Shortly after nine o'clock on November 15th, the first grade ten and eleven girls arrived with their escorts to spend a pleasant evening chatting and dancing in the drawing room. Miss Carter graciously received the couples.

Music was supplied by many popular orchestras via the phonograph. Dancing continued until shortly after midnight when the crowds dispersed to various restaurants to finish off the evening with cokes.

We wish to thank Miss Carter and all the girls who worked together to make the dance such a success.

CHRISTMAS PARTY

Miss Carter was hostess at our Christmas party held on December 20th.

The skits this year were particularly well done, as well as humorous.

Grade seven presented an amusing little comedy concerning a party, and "love at first sight." Grade eight gave their interpretation of radio commercials. Grade nines rendered an imaginary quiz program between Ravenscourt and Riverbend, Riverbend coming out victorious.

The teachers presented the different class rooms as they saw them. The pupils were forced to guess which room they portrayed.

The grade elevens came last. As is customary, they "took off" the teachers. This year it was done to a very ingenious poem, composed by one of the girls.

The remainder of the evening was spent dancing. Just before the end of the party, we sang the old Christmas Carols.

Everybody enjoyed themselves to the utmost.

M. N.



LILAC TEA

Lilac time at Kew is said to be very beautiful but Riverbend is also a sight to behold in May, when the mauve scented lilacs are in full bloom. As it is the custom each year, Riverbend has a tea at this time. Last year the weather did not permit having the tea outside. The houses each secured a corner of the dining room. The four house tables were decorated very brightly with colorful spring flowers and burning candles. The banners were tacked up on the walls to direct the people to the table of their choice. Everyone took part in making the tea a success. The tea and fish pond netted a large sum for the United Church Fresh Air Camp.

Riverbend thanks her many friends who so generously supported the tea and helped to make it the usual success.

MARY MCINTOSH,
Grade XI, Nelson Hall.



GRADUATION — 1946

The seventeenth graduation of Riverbend School was held on Wednesday, June 12, 1946. The closing exercises, which took place at Westminster Church, commenced at 3 o'clock. The programme began by the singing of the school hymn by the students, followed by a prayer by Rev. Dr. Howse. Two selections entitled "To Music" and "On Wings of Song" were presented by the Junior and Senior Glee Clubs under the direction of Mrs. Robert Christie. Dr. W. G. Graham gave an inspiring address to the graduates after which the were the presentations. These presentations were given to girls who appeared outstanding in their work throughout the year in sports as well as their studies.

After the closing exercises all present at the church gathered on the lawn of the school for a garden party.

A dance was held in the evening in the drawing room for the graduates, all of whom agreed they had spent a day they would long remember.

BARBARA CHAMP.



JUNIOR PLAYS

Congratulations to the Junior School for providing such an enjoyable evening on March 21st. Under the able direction of Mrs. Low and Miss Dickson two plays were presented for the friends and parents of Riverbend girls.

The first play, "Betsy's Wish," took us back to the land of fairies and elves, with the ever delightful magic wand! Colorful costumes and soft music opened the door to our imagination, providing an atmosphere for such intrigue.

The second play, given by Grades 7-8, was received with an equal amount of enjoyment. Humor and satire intermingled to form a picture of court life when the only kings and princess were those who peeked from behind the pages of story books!

All due credit goes to the girls and members of the staff who worked so whole-heartedly to present the plays which the school takes such interest in each year.

R. MYLES.

BETTY'S WISH

Those taking part were:

The Little Girl	Jane Park
The Story-Bird	Gail Macdonald
The Innkeeper	Gay Youngson
Betsy	Betty May Ormiston
Peter	Susanne Chester
The Fairy-Queen	Carolyn Dyson
Fairy Rosebud	Arleigh Hutchinson
Little South Wind	Carol Feinstein
Little West Wind	Anne Jenkins
Fairy Sunbeam	Judith Denny
Fairy Rose	Elizabeth Hamilton
Fairy Bluebell	Judith Spence
Fairy Hyacinth	Diane White
Fairy Snowdrop	Carol MacAulay
Fairy Primrose	Daphne Burns
The Elf	Mavis Gossling
The Herald	Eve Riley
First Page	Nora Ann Richards
Second Page	Muriel Edmonds
Chief Goblin	Joanne Meyer
Little Goblins
.....	Audrey Stubbs and Margaret McMurray

THE HOLE IN THE SACK

King Mac of Macaronia.....	Clementine McNern
Marvin, the King's Chamberlain
.....	Mary Hope McInnis
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Princess I-Don't-Want-ToMarilyn May
 Princess Out-All-NightBarbara Lennox
 Princess Too-Lazy-to-MoveDorothy Jackson
 Princess Oh-So-NeatAnnie Lou Ormiston
 Princess LaughterCecily Ann Gunn
 PagesPatsy Sigurdson, Valerie Head, Monica
 Brown, Diane Calder.
 CourtBarbara Drybrough, Joyce Stovel,
 Patricia Chisholm, Lois MacDonald.



KENORA TRIP

All we girls of the Riverbend basketball teams piled into a bus on the cold Saturday morning of March the first. We were all in high spirits because we were going to play our first and last out-of-town game with Kenora.

Besides Miss MacKinnon, our basketball coach, Miss Carter, Miss MacKay and Mrs. Little also accompanied us on our enjoyable trip. They made a loud and welcome cheering section for us during the games.

When we first arrived we thought we had been forgotten. However, after a few phone calls our hostesses arrived.

The games commenced at three o'clock with a good attendance of Kenora people, who cheered their girls on.

The junior game proved fast and exciting, the

final score being 21-all. Both of the teams made some very fine shots and passes.

The senior game was also a thrilling display of sportsmanship. The score was not favorable to us Riverbenders, being 33-22 for Kenora. However, it was also a fine game.

Dinner was welcomed by both teams after the strenuous games. It was all well organized. Each Kenora girl took a Riverbend girl as a partner, and we were soon eating the delicious dinner.

All too soon this wonderful day came to a close, and we had to leave our new friends.

None of us will forget the exciting day spent playing basketball with the friendly Kenora girls.

RUTH ANDERSON.



BEAU AND ARROW DANCE

This year the Beau and Arrow Dance was held on February 14th in the school gym. The gym was tastefully decorated with red and white hearts and cups. Gaily colored streamers hung from the beams. Gar Gillis and his orchestra supplied the music.

Before the dance, coke parties were held at various homes.

According to all reports, the dance was a terrific success.





OUR LIBRARY

One of our most enjoyable rooms in the school is our library. Here we all spend our leisure time reading the books which line the walls. It really consists of two rooms, one of which furnishes us with books of knowledge on nearly all subjects. The other room is mainly for fiction books and is provided with comfortable chairs. Small tables and chairs are dotted about for those who wish to study or write,

while fluorescent lights are situated in both rooms.

Recently there was a new supply of books donated by several kind friends of the school and with the help of Mrs. Benett they were all catalogued. Hence with every new addition our library is becoming more and more delightful throughout the years.

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This is just a short note to let you know that
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In sending this, our 1947 Year Book, I hope
that in return you will send us your 1947
magazine.

Sincerely

BEVERLY-ANN LAIDLAW,
The Editor.



LAST YEAR'S GRADS

Mary MacKay	First Year Arts
Marjory-Lynn McIntyre	United College
Marion Anderson	Grade 12 at United
Elsbeth Burris	Grade 12 at United
Didi Richard	Home Economics at Fort Garry
Shirley Dawson	Grade 12 at United
Phyllis Beatty	Majoring in Music
Marion Bell	Second Year at United
Joan Clegg	Second Year Arts at Broadway
Eileen Elliott	Second Year at United
Grace Rich	Training at General
Audrey Haverstick	Training at General
Jocelyn Williams	Second Year at United
Noreen Agnew	United College
Mary Burns	At United College (Grade 12)
Shirley Frogley	Home Economics
Barbara Halls	Interior Decorating
Jean Kent	In Radisson
Sheila Lamb	Business Course in The Pas
Virginia McMillan	1st Year Arts at United
Maxine Pedlar	1st Year Arts at United
Marguerite Purkess	Grade 12 at Kelvin
Jo Riley	At United College
Donna Stephenson	Home Economics
Beverley Stacey	Art School in Saskatoon
Nina Webb	1st Year Arts at United
Frances White	Home Economics

上海世界书局

HOW THE DAYS OF THE WEEK GOT THEIR NAMES

Sunday

Apollo was the sun god. He had a son named Phaethon. Apollo had many attendants. He had the years, months, weeks, days and hours. Phaethon one day asked his father if he could drive the chariot. His father did not want him to drive it. But Phaethon begged and begged, so that Apollo finally gave in, and said his son could drive it. So Phaethon started on his way. The horses knew that they had a new driver and raced and raced. It seemed as if the whole world was on fire. The Big Bear and the Little Bear were scorched. So Phaethon called to Jupiter and Jupiter threw bolts of lightning. Phaethon was struck and drowned in a river. His sisters came and cried and cried, until they were turned into poplar trees.

AUDRY STUBBS,
Nelson Hall, Grade IV.

Monday

Diana is the goddess of the moon. She is the twin sister of Apollo, the god of the sun. Apollo wanted Diana to love him better than she loved Orion, who was a great hunter. Orion had the power to walk under the water. One day he was bobbing along with his head out of the water when Apollo came along. He told Diana to shoot at his head, so Diana, not knowing who it was, killed him. She was sorry and put him up in the sky; she put his dog, Sirius up in the sky with him. One of the feasts that was held for Diana had round cakes like the moon with candles on them. They were probably the first birthday cakes ever made. When Apollo drove the carriage through the sky, Diana was at home. Then when the night came, Twilight opened the doors and Diana rode out. She had temples in honor of her. She was the goddess of the moon, hunting, boys, and girls, slaves and animals. Maia and her six daughters, who were Diana's attendants, were the daughters of Atlas, the god who holds up the earth on his shoulders. They had been afraid of Orion because he was a hunter so they went to Jupiter to help them. He turned them into pigeons and they flew up into the sky and still are there now—The Pleiades Group.

SALLY TRUEMAN,
Douglas Hall, Grade III.

Tuesday

There was a very brave god named Tyr or Tiw. He was a Scandinavian god of Denmark, Norway and Sweden. He was also the god of war, peace and honor. He is the same as the Roman god Mars. He is a one-handed god because a big giant Taki was always causing trouble. The king ordered his sons, Fenris, Midgard and Hela, to come to him. Fenris was a wolf. Midgard a serpent. Hela was death. They threw away Midgard and Hela, but they

had a hard time with Fenris, the wolf, because he was so strong. He said that if someone would put his hand in his mouth he would have the big chain around his neck. So Tyr put his hand in Fenris' mouth and Fenris got angry and bit off the hand. For this Tyr or Tiw was given the third day of the week.

CAROL MACAULAY,
Douglas Hall, Grade IV.

Wednesday

The father of all the gods in the Scandinavian countries was Woden; from him Wednesday got its name. Woden sent two ravens, Hugin and Munin, out over the world so that he would know everything that was going on. They brought back the news. Woden liked to have feasts but he never ate meat, so he gave the meat to the two wolves by his feet. He never invited anyone unless they had died in a war. The gods lived at Valhalla. They threw some runic sticks up in the air and when they came down they thought that they spelled words. But the Roman Augurs thought the chickens foretold prophecies.

MARGARET McMURRAY,
Nelson Hall, Grade IV.

Thursday

There was once a god named Thor. Thor was Odin's eldest and strongest son. Now there were three things that helped Thor. They were a hammer, belt and iron gloves. When Thor threw his hammer it came back again. When he put on his belt it made him stronger than before. But he had to use his iron gloves if he was using his hammer. One day he lost his hammer because Thrym (a giant) stole it. While Thor was wondering where it was, Thrym was wondering where to put it (for the gods could easily find it). Finally he decided to bury it under some rocks, and said he would not give it up unless he had Freya for a bride. So Thor decided to exchange with Freya and so they went to where they were to be married. So Thrym gave his bride the hammer and Thor pulled off the veil and killed Thrym and got back his hammer. Thursday is named after Thor.

JOAN BATHGATE,
Nelson Hall, Grade III.

Friday

Friday got its name from Freya, the woman Thrym wanted to marry in the story of Thursday, or from Frigga, wife of Odin, mother of Thor and Baldur. Odin and Thor had a day so they thought that Frigga should have a day named for her. Frigga and Freya were the goddesses of beauty, fruit and flowers—that's how Friday got its name.

ONALEE RUDD,
York Hall, Grade III.

Saturday

Saturday was named for Saturn. Saturn's mother was the earth and the sky was his father. Saturn was one of the first gods. Jupiter was his youngest son. Saturn was very cruel and had eaten up all the rest of his sons. He had a hard time with Fenris, the wolf, because Jupiter's mother fooled him and wrapped up a stone. What Saturn ate was really a statue.

The seven day's feast was the Saturnalia and all the slaves were let out. They had their supper with their masters. All the children were let out of school. At Saturn's feast they all gave wax candles. That is probably why we have candles at Christmas, because our Christmas is much like Roman Saturnalia of long ago. We have happy times at our Christmas festival, but they enjoyed cruel games like the gladiator fights.

PATSY SMITH,
Garry Hall, Grade III.



AN UNSUNG HERO

IT was in the year of nineteen thirty-nine. From all parts of the country came boys and men, flocking to the cities and the larger towns. Big men, little men, weak and strong, with faces as varied as their nationalities. Some of those boys were barely seventeen. Others were forty-seven; but whatever their age, they were uniting together to form His Majesties forces. Many the home was the scene of a bitter argument. Too young—too old—just right!

But those who were accepted, I should say those thousands of soldiers, sailors and airmen, where did they go? Are they all back? No, not all. Some died, some stayed, and some never got over. But they all fought for six hard years, and the question is, what were we meant to do about it today?

Back they came. Some walked and talked but they could not see. Some heard but they could not move. The remainder who had part of their stomach or their scalp missing, those whose two fingers were learning to manipulate a spoon, and those whose nerves and reflexes were gone. They came back to what? Why to be our "Unsung Heroes."

The first step was to get used to the civilian routine of living. Very easy! They each had a little button on their lapel. That meant "pity" or "good boy." The first few months were the hardest and perhaps the happiest. Money was theirs, homes were theirs, but the satisfaction of security was not. For the last six years they had been occupied with strategic work. Now there wasn't anything strategic—there wasn't any work.

Veterans come first! So the University was packed with the serious youth of yesterday. The blue shirts and the army pants were the popular college garb. Army shoes were fine, and those

knap-sacks carried the books. But what about it? They meant business. What were all those children doing in University—those bobby sox and crew-cut characters. No time for such nonsense.

The times had changed but not for them. So these boys continue to catch up on five years of lost education.

The home life was hard, too. Mothers were continually primping and pampering. Fathers were concerned about the social and community adjustments. Still there was no "Hail the Conquering Hero"—that vanished after the first contingent had returned. No more of that "Welcome Home, Well Done, Boys!"—that was extinguished after the first few thousand. No! The only recognition came from the headlines in the daily papers—"Veterans Become Serious Problem." Those were our Unsung Heroes.

Those whose lives were at the ripened spot for future references, got out and looked for work. Under the D.V.A. they received an education for a fixed number of years, and a monthly allowance. Marriage was a twenty-four hour business for the jewellers and the ministers. Population was on a rapid increase and shortages seen hand in hand with such activities caught the country around the stomach, and set it down upon the doorstep of inflation. Prices rose, taxes rose, shortages increased, population increased, and the Government's lay-away budget was brought out in the light to look for possible holes and flaws.

As life looks, today, the number one question is whether these last years of toil, suffering and heartache have been in vain? Are the democratic countries of the world once again going to send their flags into battle, and are the standards of today to be trodden upon by invading forces, and washed with our country's blood?

Surely the men of this day and generation can come to a peaceful solution. Let the world get back on its feet, with a higher economic standing and Christian ideals. Let these boys who have sacrificed so much, get a start in life, so tomorrow and the day after tomorrow can be bright with the sunshine of future happiness?

For there shall be no more "Flanders Fields" or "Normandy Beaches." Those who returned are tiny torches of our every day freedom. They stand for what the world has been striving for, since time began. Hail them, then as soldiers of today, not yesterday. They gave us their all, let us give them our all. Backing—Courage and Recognition!

RUTHE MYLES,
Grade XI, York Hall.



MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY

WE have arrived several minutes early and will have just time to get settled and to have a little chat. The noise is a little louder than one would expect it to be at a concert, and

what with the orchestra tuning up and everybody having a "little chat," it adds up to quite a buzz.

Glancing at our program I can see that, as usual, I can recognize none of the selections the orchestra will play. I don't really know much about classical music and I have no particular interest in it, but as the symphony comes only once a year, I usually attend and become extremely classical for one afternoon.

As I am reading this program, the noises suddenly stop and there isn't a sound except for a sophisticated cough from the balcony where a lady is looking for some attention. Looking up I see a little man climbing onto a platform. I could not afford a box seat, and so, from where I'm sitting, I can tell only that he is a man with a shiny bald head. I gather from my knowledge of concerts that he is the conductor, for he makes a speech which isn't extremely professional and I seem to recollect having heard it somewhere before. When he is finished he turns toward his men who proceed with several minutes of tuning up. Then there is one loud chord and a lot of commotion while everyone stands up for the National Anthem.

When the noise of the people finding their belongings and once again seating themselves dies down, the orchestra begins its first number.

I must admit that after several minutes of forced interest my eyes began to wander about the auditorium.

The seating is definitely divided into classes of people. For example, in the balconies and the box seats, sit the "finer" class of people who come mainly to hold their glasses at the end of their noses and never take their eyes off the orchestra to glance sneeringly at my class.

These people, despite the temperature, sit motionless throughout the entire program with their fur coats and maintain a false expression of intent interest. Next we have the commonest of classes, those who come simply to watch and enjoy the concert. The school children, behind them, are either sitting painfully still or are moving from side to side on their chairs, giggling and whispering unimportant remarks. Last and probably least comes my class, sitting gazing around the room criticizing others.

I am suddenly brought back to reality by the roar of applause and looking once more to the stage I see the little man bowing left and right and everywhere and continuing to do so until the applause fades and dies.

The music begins again and as I have finished my rounds of inspection, I sit, as one of the common class, and watch the orchestra, as interested as I look and as contented as I feel. By the time the strains of "God Save the King" reach me, I have thoroughly enjoyed myself and am looking forward to next year's appearance.

CAROLYN DOWLER,
Nelson Hall, Grade X.

AN EXCITING ADVENTURE

TWO barefoot Chinese boys, Ku Leng and Nan Chung, were walking down the dusty road toward the harbour when Ku Leng cried, "Look, there is a pirate ship pulling in at the dock."

"Real cross bones and a skull on the flag," said Nan Chung. "Let's go aboard and see what we can find," said Ku Leng.

They crept slowly and quietly on to the ship and down one of the long corridors and into a dusty room. As soon as they were safely inside, Ku Leng whispered to Nan Chung that he smelt meat cooking and that most likely the pirates were feasting over the good luck they had on their trip around the world. Suddenly there was a loud resounding crash and Ku Leng had turned around to find that his friend had tripped over a small chest, which was one of the treasures which the pirates had.

When he was standing on his feet again the boys ventured to see what was inside and to their surprise they found twenty times their weight in gold. "We will be rich," they both cried together. When it was dark and the men were asleep, the boys crept off the ship and started toward home.

DULCIE ANN THOMSON,
York Hall, Grade VI.



ROADS TO ROAM

YOU are a shiftless old tramp. How do those words sound in your ears? Perhaps you would feel insulted, injured, mad, or just indifferent. Certainly that accusation would never make you feel honored. Supposing just for a minute or an hour that the rough hand of fate made you nobody. Where would you go? What would you do? What roads would you travel?

The most common way of travel is on the paved road. Perhaps you start on this road. It leads off straight into the horizon. You can see the large trucks roaring off into that blue mist. Maybe you hear the tingling wail of a police siren as it catches up with a speeding driver. There is the steady hum and swish as cars catch up to you and pass you, leaving you all alone.

On this road your most familiar companion is the driver of a lovely black car. Why you ask? Perhaps he has run out of gas, maybe a tire blew out but he is walking to the nearest gas station. He puffs and bellows, groans and stumbles as he walks beside you. Talks incessantly about how the world is "going to the dogs." Then as he leaves you at the gas station you feel relieved, even though you are lonely.

Your eyes become used to the sights around you. The wonderful bridges, tremendous cities, neat farms, endless pavement, unfold slowly. Everywhere is civilization.

Cars, trucks, and motorcycles and maybe overhead the faint whir of an airplane causes

you to look up. All these vehicles roaring, whirling, clacking down the road passed you.

There is a detour, you'll go in there to get out of this speeding world. The branches of the trees cling to each other over the road and black shadows set up a barrier of criss-cross work before you.

Suddenly you hear the plod of footsteps and tinkle of a bell. Around the corner swings Bessie, the cow, off to the pastures, followed by a young country boy. You fall into conversation with the youngster and somehow out of your vast knowledge you are able to answer all his questions. The red brick schoolhouse saves you, but then, somehow you don't feel so lonely.

As you walk along whistling you notice the change of scenery. Your eyes crinkle with pleasure when you see the old English cottage with its green shutters. Old Mrs. Hubbard herself is out hanging up her washing. You catch the sound of singing between the noise of the frogs in the pond and of the hens in the yard. The color scheme has changed too—deep green to the bright green of corn pushing its way between black furrows—wild flowers along the roadside to the cultivated roses in the gloomy little cemetery.

The little towns reveal the transportation of this world. Here and there are old wagons, while standing in front of them are ancient nags. There are "tons" of bicycles in the rack by the grocery store. Funny that you should laugh cynically about the remark, "The country is outmoded."

The road changes to hard packed earth so that you are no longer able to kick stones that were on the gravel road. The scene has become perhaps a little more uncultivated. The people are, too, far down over the crest of the hill comes Dobbin dragging behind him, shall we say a "cart." On top of the crazy old rig sits Grandpaw, chewing his tobacco. In his knobby old hands there is an old Indian knife and a piece of wood, no need to hold the reins because Dobbin knows the way. By the vaguest of chances he sees you and by taking your life in your hands you get up beside him, to roll on down into the vale.

After your conversation has long since ceased, you worked the information Grandpaw had given you over in your mind. Now the loneliness all gone there is only empty space. "You've got to fill that space up, son," Grandpaw had said that.

You look with greater interest around you. The woods look lovely. The seldom seen meadows appear now and again in patches of yellow and white. You even stop and pick a daisy for your button-hole. As you lift your head, you realize that the only means of transportation you've seen was Grandpaw's cart. The alluring woods have too strong a hold on you and so you disappear down a woodland path.

You won't find any companion there. Not down the woodland paths. You'll find some-

thing bigger. No, I can't tell the beauty or sights a forest holds for you, nor the sounds of rippling water, whispering trees, of happy birds. All I know is when you return you will never be lonely, nor feel empty inside again. As for transportation, you don't need anything.

The other day someone called at me, "You look like a tramp." My head lifted, my shoulders straightened, my chest expanded, I felt grand, for you see I knew what roads to roam.

JULIA A. HARRIS,
Douglas Hall, Grade X.



A SHORT HOLIDAY AT THE RANCH

TED Morley could hardly wait for the next morning to come. All arrangements for him to visit his Uncle's ranch in the Lazy Creek County had been made and he was to leave by plane the next morning.

This was his first trip away from home and all that he knew of ranch life was what he had seen on the screen at the neighborhood picture show. His imagination led him to believe he would see stage coaches, Indians, cowboys and wild horses, and with these things running through his mind it took him a long time to fall asleep although he went to bed earlier than usual.

After a restless night of dreaming, mostly of the wild Indians he fully expected to see, he boarded a plane for his trip to the west just as the sun was coming up, and, after a fast journey of several hours, arrived at Oklahoma Airport, where he was met by his Aunt and Uncle and taken in a bright shiny car to the ranch house many miles away.

This was his first disappointment, for he had expected to ride out to the ranch in the stage coach, but his biggest disappointment was when he found that there were no wild Indians about.

Arriving at the ranch he soon forgot all about his disappointments when he saw the cowboys riding up to the ranch for their dinner. In their chaps, red shirts and big hats they were to him a wonderful sight and he was anxious to learn to ride like them.

After dinner his Uncle took him over to the corral to look over the horses and to pick a colt for himself which, his Uncle told him would be his very own and ready to ride on his next visit, if he succeeded in learning to ride before his first visit was over. Ted was introduced to the ranch foreman who took him in hand, and it was not long before he asked the foreman to teach him to ride. A quiet pony was saddled for him and Ted spent the next three hours first walking and then trotting around the yard. By supper time he was doing pretty well for a beginner.

After supper the foreman showed him how to clean the pony, feed him and later, how to bed him down, after which he was glad to crawl into bed as he was a very tired boy.

The following morning he was up bright and early and off to the stable to look after his pony before breakfast as he thought that to be a real cowboy, his horse must come first. After breakfast he was back in the saddle trotting his pony around the yard, and at noon his uncle told him that he could ride with him after dinner to visit some neighbors. He was a surprised boy when he got into the saddle for his trip. Tied to it was a rope just like the other cowboys and this was a sure sign that his uncle was pleased with him.

The rest of his holiday at the ranch he spent riding the range with his Uncle, visiting the large herds of cattle and watching the cowboys at work. But all too soon his wonderful holiday came to an end and it was time for him to return home. What stories he had to tell his chums of his adventures!

DIANE JOHNSON,
York Hall, Grade VIII.



THE STORM

I watched the storm approach from out the south.

The sky grew dark and clouds came swiftly on.
And even the trees were bent as if in pain,
Before the wind which came in roaring gusts.
And as I watched the lightning pierce the sky
I heard the roar of thunder, then the rain.

CAROLYN ELLIOT,
York Hall, Grade X.



RAIN

Pit-a-pat, what is that?
Eight fat raindrops on my hat!
I'm on my way to watch the rain
Falling on the window pane.

ONALEE RUDD,
York Hall, Grade III.



NAUGHTY FROGS

Down at the ocean
In behind some rocks,
Live two little bull frogs,
Billy and Jock.

They are very naughty
And not a bit nice,
Even though they do feed
On sugar and spice.

They don't obey the sea rules
And whenever they are bad,
They kick and fuss like stubborn mules
Which drives their parents mad.

DULCIE ANN THOMSON,
York Hall, Grade VI.

WHEN I GO TO SCHOOL

When I go to school
I read and write and sing.
And when we change classes
The bell goes ting-a-ling.

We even have History,
And Geography, too.
When we do art
Oh the pictures we do!

If you're in boarding
You'll have lots of fun,
From early morning
Till set of the sun.

JOANNE MEYERS,
York Hall, Grade V.



WINTER

Blow, wind blow!
Bring us lots of snow.
The girls are getting dressed to go
A skating on the pond.

The snow is piled up high
My, my, my I'm afraid to go by
The shovelfuls are sure to fly in my face.

CAROL MACAULAY,
Douglas Hall, Grade IV.



SNOW

Blowing
Over the hills,
It swirls and whips and dives,
Then softly sinks like a carpet of wool on the ground.

CAROLYN DOWLER,
Nelson Hall, Grade X.



WHAT THE TOWN CLOCK SAW

HIGH above the market place of the quaint little town, which nestled peacefully among the giant pines of Pine Valley, a gallant old fellow predominated, the Town Clock. He was almost as old and as wise as the mountains that outranged him and there were deep lines of wisdom and age etched around his hands and face. Even his workings were beginning to show signs of wear. The chimes no longer pealed with joyous clarity at the stroke of the hour, while even the steady beat of his heart was gradually growing slower with the passing of the days.

The townspeople, busy with their everyday chores, hadn't brushed or shined him since he was a young shaver, ticking with youth and vitality. But despite their disregard for his appearance, the Town Clock was as much a part

of the people as the air they breathed and with all his squeaking springs and cracking paint, the clock ticked for them.

Climbing over the mountains of the valley, the sun chased away the dark and shed the glorious light over the drowsy little town, the night had passed. The Town Clock began to peal the hour with a new zeal, letting the chimes echo over the valley in melodious tunes and then, with a heavy note of discord, the ringing ceased abruptly.

The old clock had tried too hard and now he would no longer be able to wake the drowsy inhabitants to send them cheerfully on their way to work.

Their work was beginning but his had just ended. He breathed a heavy sigh which shook his battered parts and caused sharp pains to course through him. If only he could do one last thing for the little town which he had served so faithfully and loved so well. His eyes wandered lovingly out over the beryl-colored countryside, over the sloping roofs of the houses and rested on the gold statuette which stood safely beneath his watch.

But what was this he saw? Straining his ears to hear the words that were spoken and rumbling within himself with anger that he could no longer control as well as he could when a youth, the old clock listened, becoming angrier ever minute, to the words of two swarthy men.

"This statue must be worth a million! Joe think of the haul we could make if we removed it some day. These local peasants wouldn't know the difference. You know how dumb these guys are," he let out a burst of inane laughter and added, "they'd probably think a goblin took it and forget all about it." Then the two men broke into spasms of uncouth mirth and then suddenly one becoming serious, whispered confidently into his fellow criminal's ear.

"Now listen we'll leave it for a week until our last haul cools down, then on Sunday when everyone is in church we'll . . ."

The last was merely a jumble of words like a gust of wind through an open door, but the Town Clock had heard their plan. How could he prevent it? A clock could not tell the sheriff nor prevent such a catastrophe itself. A shudder shook the old fellow and if a clock could cry over helplessness then this one would have.

The week slowly passed. People went their ways without their accustomed cheerfulness. Many lifted sorrowful eyes to the face of the old clock and many tried to fix its broken parts without success. Over the mountains of the valley the sun rose laboriously as if it also missed the cheery peals which lent wings to the dawn.

At last the dreaded day had come. The Town Clock felt lifeless and broken, the heaviness of his heart would have broken a set of scales. A calamity was about to fall on the heads of the townspeople and the only one who knew of its enormity was powerless to prevent it.

The church bells rang out, calling the children and parents to worship, while hiding, the unscrupulous figures, huddled in the seclusion of an alley, waited for their chance to steal the priceless statuette. The doors of the church closed on the last person and soon the strains of a well known hymn drifted to the ears of the old clock.

His frame was rigid with expectation; every uncoiled spring seemed to coil into place. The wise eyes followed the every movement of the unsuspecting villains. Inside his very core, the old clock hoped and prayed, with fervent depth, to God that the people thought enough of him to come when he did what he was about to do. If only he could!

With one last prayer the clock let loose the tenseness it had maintained and over the countryside rang an urgent peal of the chimes.

The startled thieves looked up and at that moment the church doors flew open releasing a crowd of joyful people into the square. The clock had pealed once more a warning to the people whom it loved.

The sun sank behind the mountains of the valley, and twilight glimmered down upon the peaceful town. A little boy raised wondrous eyes to the old clock and before his mother took his hand to lead him away he asked her with childish inquisitiveness:

"Mommie are clocks alive? You'd think this one saw things and knew everything, even about, Mommie, even about those bandits getting caught alive!"

The aged Town Clock smiled to himself at those heart-warming words. Of course he knew!

JUNE BAKER,
Nelson Hall, Grade X.



FOR SHAME

The creature bounded, scuffling near my feet,
I thought the fright would nearly drive me mad.
Quick as I could I scaled the perilous peak
Gasping for frightened breath I fain had lost.

With fear this monster should pursue me on
I grasped the weapon nearest to my hand.
And from "its" place below, with eyes ablaze
It gazed at me upon my perch, with scorn.

Without a move upon its part, or mine,
I dared not stir, nor breathe a word; indeed
I feared the slightest sound would snatch from
me

The safety of the height I had achieved.

Long minutes of that dreadful silence past
Till I could clearly hear my beating heart.
And then the thing that I feared most, occurred,
The creature moved. Then scurried from my
sight.

A cry of fear was wrested from my throat,
And then an inward calm of danger past
Assured me I had nothing more to fear.
With that my outer confidence returned.

My shoe in hand, I clambered from the chair
Then with a sense of shame and cowardice
I hoped no one would know within the house
That what I feared had only been a mouse.

JUNE BAKER,
Nelson Hall, Grade X.

★

BLACKIE

My kitten's name is Blackie,
He's a fluffy ball of fur.
I know when he is happy
Because he cuddles close, to purr.

Blackie can be sweet.
He likes to jump and run
And scamper round my feet
When he wants to have some fun.

My kitten can be bad
When he chews up all the shoes!
I scold 'cause I'm mad,
But he just runs away and mews.

AUDREY STUBBS,
Nelson Hall, Grade IV.

★

MOONRISE

Above the lake of shimm'ring mists
Looks down the silent sky,
And on the waters deep, the stars
In mirrored image lie.

Now o'er the hill a pale light steals,
Its quivering silver beam
On shining lake and shadowy shore
Pours iridescent sheen.

Now up the sable heaven climbs
A full royal orb of white,
And there, from whence she surveys all,
Reigns Diane, Queen of Night.

MARY MATHERS,
Douglas Hall, Grade XI.

★

A LETTER FROM ENGLAND

Dear Friends:

Please, for a while—let your thoughts go back to the time when you were busy packing a parcel to England. I imagine your thoughts were something like this: "Hope it arrives at its destination safely. Hope it is a pleasant surprise to some family that really need it. Hope it surprises who ever receives it. Hope there are some small children to enjoy the chocolate and

sweet puddings, etc. Hope these are the kind of things they need," and then perhaps after a lot more hopes the general hope of all "Hope the recipients will write and let us know how they received? When? In what condition? Were they pleased? etc., etc., etc."

Well, Dear Friends, here is a fortunate family that have just received a wonderful surprise. It's a very cold day (perhaps you would not think so). It is wet, windy and miserable weather. The time is 12:15 noon. The children (four of them) have just come in from school for their Mid-day Meal; the remaining child, too young for school, is fretful and uneasy as its meal time and the food is on the way. The school children are impatient for their meal as they want to get back to the school ground to play before school restarts. Mother is busy "dishing up" the food. Father, a bit of an invalid, is sitting in his chair knitting. Yes, that's right—knitting (actually he is knitting comforts for the local W.V.S. to distribute as a small tribute to the great kindness of that body to him and his family). Whilst Mother is busy serving up the meal there is a prolonged loud ring on the front door bell. "Oh, dash it," says Mother—"Whoever can this be at this time of the day?" and reluctantly she puts down the stew pan and trots off to the front door mumbling and murmuring. There is silence in the living room and then Mother returns, her face beaming and her arms quite filled with a large parcel. Then the silence is broken by a chorus of questions—"What is it, Mum? Who was it, Mum? Is that for us, Mum?" etc., etc. The meal is forgotten, five pair of feet patter round to Daddy's chair who has been given the parcel to undo. The meal is temporarily forgotten, as eager little eyes stare and shrill voices gasp as Daddy lifts the lid of the box. Then its "Gee, Daddy, look chocolate. Look, Daddy, jellies. What's that Daddy? Are they jellies, Daddy? and did the post man give you this, Mummy?" and so on and so on—until both father and mother have to kindly but firmly insist the children get on with their meal and get back to school, and so for the time being father puts the parcel away. The Mid-day Meal is finished. The children have gone back to school (each with a piece of chocolate). Baby has gone to sleep and peace and quiet reigns for a while. Then Mum and Dad soberly go over the contents of the parcel, amazed as each succeeding article is revealed, punctuated with remarks such as "Haven't seen this for years." "How lovely." "Just the thing," etc., etc.

We have very little in the way of luxury but we are all very happy, the children love and honor their parents and we, the parents, are very proud of them. We get a weekly allowance from the "Poor Law," it is not much but it does supply the immediate necessities of life and as we have not developed any expensive habits, we scrape through from week to week. Our real trouble is the replacement of worn out clothing and household goods and bed and

household linen. Our local W.V.S. are the essence of kindness to us and never miss an opportunity of assisting us when it comes their way.

We are very happy together despite our poverty and our love and devotion for each other, and our little ones make it all so worth while.

Now I have tried to tell you honestly the reactions of us all on receiving your splendid parcel. Perhaps I've been rather long winded about it but I hope you'll forgive that and believe that it is because I thought it was the most honest and truthful way of telling all you dear friends how very, very grateful we are and to assure you that the good work you are doing is not being misplaced, for I'm sure the W.V.S. over here are as your own, the essence of kindness. I don't think there is much more I can say except, "Bless you every one of you and thank you from the very depths of our being."

From: Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Payne,
12 Victoria Road,
Eastleigh, Hants, England.

★

Paris le 5 Octobre 1946.

Chère Mademoiselle:

Je fais réponse à votre lettre que je viens de recevoir à l'instant. J'ai eu du mal à la traduire, mais j'ai cru comprendre que vous vouliez savoir si ma mère avait bien reçu les colis que vous lui aviez envoyés, oui, belle les a reçus et je vous remercie beaucoup ainsi que les personnes qui ont participé à ces envois. Excusez-vous si vous n'avez pas eu des nouvelles tout de suite, mais ma mère a été malade et elle n'a pas pensé vous écrire pour vous remercier de vos gentilleses. C'est son fils qui vous écrit, car elle n'est pas ici; elle est en maison de repos pour quelques mois. Si des fois je n'avais pas bien compris votre lettre, écrivez-moi en français.

Avec tous mes remerciements,
Sincèrement votre,
BURGUIERE, MARCEL.

★

Paris le 30 Octobre 1946.

Chère Mademoiselle:

Je viens par cette petite lettre de vous remercier de tout ce que vous avez fait pour nous pendant ces quelques mois.

Je vous assure que tous les colis qui nous sont parvenus ont été accueillis avec joie, et de plus ils ont aidé maman pour nous habiller, car tout coûte cher, et malgré les journées de travail bien remplis de maman cela ne suet pas pour nous habiller et nous nourrir tous. Aussi c'est grâce à votre gentillesse et à toutes celles qui ont participé à l'envoi de ces colis que nous

avons pu cette année être habillés mieux que les années précédentes, et être un peu plus gâtés. Aussi nous vous en remercions de tout cœur. Chère Mademoiselle j'espère que vous êtes en très bonne santé ainsi que toutes vos collègues. Pour nous la santé et très bonne je vous mets une photo, j'espère que cela vous fera plaisir.

Recevez chère Mademoiselle nos meilleures amities, et nos remerciements les plus chaleureux.

JACQUELINE VIGNES.

★

UNE PROMENADE A WINNIPEG

Nous sommes arrivées à Winnipeg hier soir à la gare C.N.R. Dès que nous étions arrivées, nous sommes allées à l'Hôtel Fort Garry, qui est un grand, beau bâtiment sur le Boulevard Broadway.

Ce matin, nous faisons notre première promenade à Winnipeg. C'est une belle cité. D'abord, nous suivons à pied l'Avenue Portage. Cette rue est loin d'être étroite! Au milieu de la rue, des tramways marchent. Ils font beaucoup de bruit et ils sont oranges! Aussi, nous pouvons voir des autobus oranges, et il y a beaucoup d'autos, de toutes couleurs. La circulation marche vite, conduite par des agents aux uniformes bleus.

A gauche, il y a deux grands bâtiments et plusieurs autres, plus petits. Les grands bâtiments sont les magasins d'Eaton et de Hudson's Bay. De temps et temps, nous nous arrêtons pour regarder les vitrines des magasins. De l'autre côté de la rue nous voyons deux théâtres, le Capital et le Gaiety.

Nous prenons un vieux taxi et nous allons visiter le parc Assiniboine. Que c'est beau! Maintenant, au printemps, l'herbe et les arbres deviennent verts et la neige disparaît.

Après avoir visité un autre beau parc, Kildonan, nous avons grand faim, et parce qu'il est tard, nous retournons à notre hôtel pour manger un très bon déjeuner.

MARY MATHERS,
Grade XI, Douglas Hall.

★

UN PETIT CHAT

Tom a un chat. Il s'appelle Blackie. Blackie aime à jouer dans le jardin. Il aime à grimper sur l'arbre et saute sur la pelouse. Il demeure dans la maison de Tom où il boit le lait et la crème. Tom aime à dessiner et jouer avec Blackie.

BETTY-MAY ORMISTON,
Douglas Hall.

PULCHRA DORMIENS

Aligando erat nympha mala quæ regiæ virgini pulchræ no cuit, et virgo subito sommo oppressa est. Per centum annos ea in regia patris sui et omnes nobilis dormiebant. Juvenis, requis qui per terram iter faciebat, de hac pulchra virgine audivit, et constituit se eam a maledicto nymphæ malæ liberaturum esse. Itaque iter per spinas fecit quæ circum regiam, crescebant, et ad lecticam virginis pervenit. Putavit virginem pulcherrimam esse, et eam statim amavit. Juvenis oscula ei dedit et virgo oculos aperit et esdem tempora omnes in regia e somno excitati sunt. Juvenis virginim pulchram in matrimonium duxit, et feliciter in æternum vivebant.

Quot vestrum meam fabulam legerunt? Mihi placebit audere.

JUNE BAKER,
Grade X Nelson Hall.



WINTER IN DER FLUSSBUCHT SCHULE

Flussbucht Schule ist in der Stadt Winnipeg. Im Winter haben wir viel Vergnügen, denn alles ist so schön. Der Winter in Winnipeg ist kalt, aber der Schnee ist weiss und tief. Schnee liegt auf den Gängen; die Bäume sind weiss mit Schnee bedeckt. Dann und wann fällt

mehr Schnee und die Gärten werden immer weisser. Das Eis ist auf dem Fluss. Überall scheint die helle Sonne.

Dann laufen wir Schlittschuh auf dem Eise. Wir skien auch. Dann und wann haben wir ein Schneeball-gefecht. In der Pause gleiten wir die Hügeln hinab. Die Schülerinnen, die Kinderlein und die Hunde spielen alle in dem Schnee, nur unsere Katze spielt im Hause. Schöne Winterzeit!

FRANCES ABBOTT,
Grade X, Douglas Hall.

ELAINE McINNES,
Grade X, Garry Hall.



LE CHAT

Ginger est un grand chat. Il est blanc. Il demeure avec Marie. Il demeure dans une grand maison.

Ginger mange le lait et la crème. Il joue avec une balle et avec une bouteille de l'encre. J'aime bien Ginger.

JANE PARK,
Grade VI, Nelson Hall.

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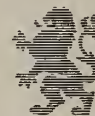


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Flowers for All Occasions

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Famous for . . .

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Popular the year Round!

Paulin's Peerless Cream Sodas.

Attractively packaged in three popular sizes, 32 oz.--16 oz. and 6 oz.



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SEVING THE WEST FOR OVER 70 YEARS

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Each season of the year new designs are created and as usual you'll find the newest at Birks Dingwall . . . first.

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For Quality, Accuracy, Efficiency and Despatch

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*Do Glasses Alone Correct
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NO! Important as they are, glasses alone cannot correct faulty vision. Your visual comfort and efficiency depend upon the professional services and technical skills of your Eye Physician and Guild Optician. Don't be satisfied with anything less than thorough eye care.

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L I M I T E D

**If It's Made of Paper
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We Carry a Complete Stock of
WRAPPING PAPER
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WINNIPEG REGINA SASKATOON

Compliments of . . .

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GRAIN - STOCK - BOND
BROKERS

614 GRAIN EXCHANGE
WINNIPEG



Junior Fashion Councillor
PATT. McCARTHY

EATON'S

Salutes the

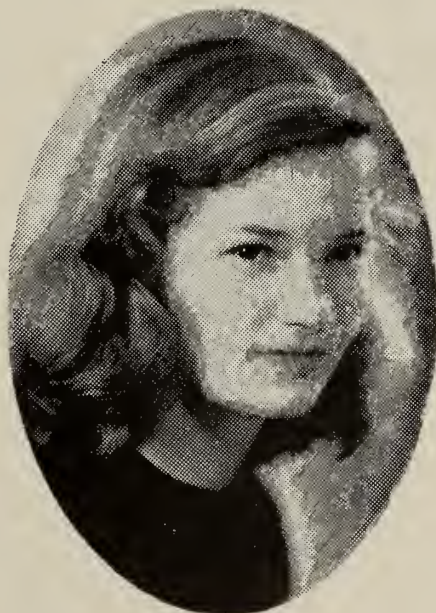
GRADS of '47

TO THOSE young men and women, who are entering into a larger sphere of activity and enterprise upon graduation, **EATON'S** extends sincere good wishes for success in their chosen field.

EATON'S — the favorite store of the Hi-Crowd — through its Junior Fashion Councils and Junior Executive Councils — endeavours to keep attuned to the thinking of the Hi-Crowd, enabling it to best serve them.

* * *

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED



Junior Fashion Councillor
BEVERLY ANN LAIDLAW

Compliments of

The STRONG-SCOTT M'F'G. CO. Limited



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Phone 94 904

**Taylor Painting &
Decorating Co. Ltd.**

MIRRORS RESILVERED



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SIMMONS LIMITED



Montreal — Toronto — Winnipeg — Vancouver

You Own A Successful Business . . .

In the short space of 35 years your City Hydro has expanded from an original investment worth \$3¼ million to a business worth nearly \$32 million, owned and operated by the citizens of Winnipeg . . . Power rates are among the lowest on the continent . . . The utility has not cost citizens one cent extra in taxation. Truly an outstanding example of successful municipal ownership.

CITY HYDRO

Is Yours — Use It

Complete Grain Handling Facilities

COUNTRY ELEVATORSCapacity 4,500,000 Bushels

TERMINAL ELEVATORSCapacity 6,000,000 Bushels

at the Head of the Great Lakes

STEAMSHIPS PLYING GREAT LAKES AND HIGH SEAS

*Whether it be a Wagon Load or a Car Load,
Your Interest Will Be Served.*

N. M. PATERSON & COMPANY LTD.

AND

PATERSON STEAMSHIP LTD.

609-613 GRAIN EXCHANGE, WINNIPEG - FORT WILLIAM

Compliments of A Friend

RELIANCE
Grain Company
Limited



919 GRAIN EXCHANGE

WINNIPEG

COMPLIMENTS OF . . .

HUGGARD & CO. LTD.

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GROUND FLOOR HURON & ERIE BLDG.

WINNIPEG



HOMEBAKERS

from Generation to Generation

*Continue
to
Rely On*



FIVE ROSES

All-purpose **FLOUR**

Compliments of . . .

Dutch Maid Ice Cream

WINNIPEG

PETHICK GRAIN LTD.

SHIPPERS AND
EXPORTERS



303 Grain Exchange, Winnipeg

If it's a Hat you need, it's . . .

MISS COX *Millinery*

ESTABLISHED 1922



Portage Ave., opp. Boyd Bldg.

Phone 98 823



It's so Different!

Everywhere women are talking about their baking successes with Tenderflake . . . Maple Leaf Tenderflake Pure Lard. They only have to use it once to know it is something new, something different.

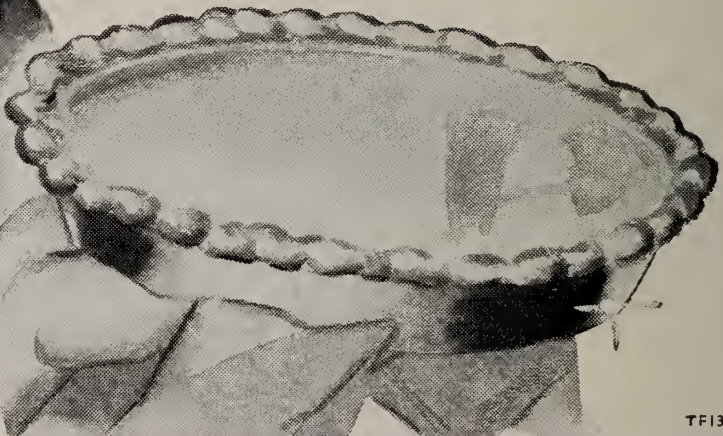
Tenderflake is made by a new process, from a new formula. Its texture, its taste, the way it creams and works up in a wide range of baking is a joy and a pleasure. So don't just ask for lard at the store, ask for Tenderflake . . . Maple Leaf Tenderflake Pure Lard.



PUMPKIN PIE

2 cups pumpkin; 1 cup milk; 2 eggs; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup honey; 1 teaspoon cinna-
mon; $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cloves;
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon ginger; $\frac{1}{4}$
teaspoon nutmeg; 1 tea-
spoon salt.

Add the milk to the pump-
kin, then eggs, well beaten.
Mix spices with sugar and
add to other mixture. Mix
thoroughly. Roll out the
pastry, line a pie plate and
build up a fluted rim. Pour
in the mixture and bake in
a hot oven (375° F.) for 10
minutes in order to set the
crust, so that the filling
will not soak in. Then
reduce heat to 300° F. and
bake 25 to 30 minutes



TF13

TENDERFLAKE

PRODUCT OF CANADA PACKERS



SPEEF



It's cooked, tender beef; ready to meet every challenge to your cookery skill as hostess or housewife.

A NEW PRODUCT OF
Burns

THE PIONEER MEAT PACKERS
OF CANADA

Compliments
of



Music
Exclusively

283 DONALD ST., opp. Eaton's

PHONE 93 241

The advertisement for Harold White Studios is a black and white graphic. On the left, a dark rectangular area contains the text "FOR ALL YOUR PHOTOGRAPHIC NEEDS" in white, bold, sans-serif capital letters. To the right of this, the name "HAROLD WHITE STUDIOS" is written in a large, bold, italicized sans-serif font. Below the name, three services are listed: "PUBLIC RELATIONS PHOTOGRAPHY", "PORTRAITS", and "CHILD STUDIES", each preceded by a small circle. A diagonal film strip graphic cuts across the center, with the text "and our Famous WEDDING STORY" written along its length. In the bottom left corner, the address "278 1/2 FORT ST. WINNIPEG" and phone number "Phone 92 736" are listed. In the bottom right corner, there is a small image of a book titled "OUR WEDDING STORY".

Compliments of . . .

NORRIS GRAIN CO. LTD.

709 Grain Exchange

Since 1857

James Richardson & Sons
Limited

*Grain Merchants, Shippers,
and Exporters*



Head Office: WINNIPEG – Branches Throughout Canada

